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ἀληθεύων ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—*Speaking the truth in love.*

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## Au Courant.

**A**LTHOUGH the result of the Moody-Manners opera competition has not been to give us a work which is likely to become immortal, the competition is not without its lessons. The fact that over forty composers were found willing to risk the expense of music paper and probable loss of time in the hope of winning that £100, shows that such encouragements are greatly needed in order to improve and develop the highest form of art in the country. Let us not forget that the Sonzogno competition brought forward Mascagni, among others. If an annual prize could be offered, and this by the State, so much the better, but the State is unfortunately not likely to spend money on so trivial a thing as national opera, and in the meantime the hope of the young composer must rest with such praiseworthy enthusiasts as Mr. Manners and his like.

In the July number of the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. J. F. Rowbotham, dealing with the subject of English opera, contends that our native composers would do quite as well as the foreigners if they had better librettists. Plenty of operas have been welcomed in London of late years, and although it is true that they have been mostly French or Italian ones, it is equally true that the public would as readily have taken English works if they had only found them as amusing. But the English librettist is such a dull dog, he has no chance with the foreigner. French composers in particular are singularly favoured in this respect, for good libretti are as common as good plays in France. In England they are terribly rare. Mr. Rowbotham is inclined to think we cannot produce them; but I should say we don't produce them because the right men never get a chance. The English composer makes a very poor judge of a libretto—witness Mr. Cowen's *Harold*, and many other instances—and too often he throws away his opportunity by giving his commission to some intimate friend, or a hack journalist, or a musical critic. There are no doubt certain advantages to be gained from employing the critic-librettist, but, as experience has shown, these advantages are not in favour of the composer's immortality.

Mr. BROOME, the "cheap music" publisher, has been telling the *London Home Monthly* some of the interesting things he has learned in the course of his business. He finds that the most popular song now extant is Balfe's "Then you'll remember me." It has left "Home, Sweet Home" far behind, but he is confident that ere long the public will get back to their old favourite—which they probably will, since Patti has taken to singing it as an encore in Italian opera. "The banks of Allan Water" has had a remarkable run of late, owing to the fact that it

was Madame Patey's swan song. Mr. Broome says that the public have seldom more than one idea at a time in song. A popular song must sing itself—must have a melody. The musical public, he considers, is ten times as numerous as it was fifteen or twenty-five years ago, and a hundred times as much music is published as formerly. By the way, Mr. Broome says that "Claude de Vere" is one of five names assumed by that gentleman, whoever he may be, and that when he writes 4s. songs he has a different name from that which he uses for 2d. songs.

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SPEAKING of Patti and the "Home, Sweet Home" business, I have received the following letter from an indignant correspondent in Edinburgh. The gentleman writes:—

I would like to ask you if anything more revoltingly inartistic could possibly be imagined than this introduction by Patti of extraneous matter into her opera part. Doubtless Rossini's operas are not models of artistic propriety, but where is this sort of thing going to end? Would it not be delightful, for instance, in *Tannhäuser*, if, at the conclusion of the "Greeting to the Hall of Song" in the second act, Elizabeth were to advance to the footlights and warble "Wot cher" or "Git y'r hair cut"? Report does not say if La Diva wore her Beethoven medal, "for distinguished services to art," nor if Mr. Cummings led her on like a tame bear. But I believe even an Italian opera audience would draw the line at that!

Not a bit! An Italian opera audience draws no line at all where Patti and her £70,000 worth of jewels; and they take "Home, Sweet Home" in *La Traviata* as calmly as our forefathers took "Rule Britannia" in *Israel in Egypt*. As for the Diva herself, she is quite evidently beyond redemption.

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ONE of the leading German musical journals publishes an article of much interest relating to a discovery by Herr Guido Peters, of Berlin, of five pages belonging to one of Beethoven's many sketch books. Of their genuineness no doubts are entertained, for the writing is certainly Beethoven's, and the contents fit in exactly with those of the other sketch books, to which they will form a valuable supplement. The pages were found in an envelope marked "Beethoven's Manuscript," which was discovered among a lot of music bequeathed to Herr Peters, by a relative. The sketches date almost certainly from the latter part of 1809, and refer to the "Emperor" piano concerto, the Choral Fantasia, the song "Mignon" and a patriotic song, "Oesterreich über alles," almost unknown hitherto. Doubtless Mr. Shedlock, who has already dealt with the other sketch books of the master, will see to our having further details about the latest discovery.

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WHEN are we to have an end of these disgusting desecrations of the great composers' graves? The latest victim of the skull measuring craze is our honoured Sebastian Bach, whose bones have been rudely disturbed at Leipzig, and sub-

mitted to the grossest indignities by a self-elected "commission" of ghoulish vandals. Bach's grave, according to Spitta, his biographer, was "near the Church (i.e., the Church of St. Thomas), but when within this century the graveyard was removed further from the Church, and the old site opened as a roadway, the grave was obliterated, and it is now no longer possible to determine the spot where his bones were laid to rest." The aforesaid "commission" think, however, that they have found the grave. At any rate they have found the remains of an elderly man (Bach was 66 when he died), and having taken the bones to the Anatomical Museum, they have cleaned them, and counted and removed the teeth, and, Frankenstein-like, have covered the skeleton with a semblance of human flesh that they might compare the result with the authentic portraits of Bach. The whole business is revolting in the extreme, and I am surprised to find that not one of my contemporaries has a word to say against it.

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WE are accustomed to regard the composer of *Falstaff* as the Grand Old Man of Music, but in point of years at any rate Verdi has to yield the palm to Ambroise Thomas, the French composer. This veteran musician is the subject of a recent article in *The World*. The son of a humble music teacher at Metz, he was born when the first Napoleon was at the height of his power. In 1870, during the Franco-German war, he did sentinel's duty on the ramparts of Paris, and helped his poorer neighbours at the time of the Commune. When Auber died in 1871, the Anarchists wished to make his death the occasion of a political demonstration; and to prevent this, Thomas hid the composer's body in the church of La Trinité until the trouble was over. Notwithstanding his advanced age, Thomas is still at the head of the Paris Conservatoire, an institution which, having been founded just a hundred years ago this month, is preparing to celebrate its centenary.

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MR. SYDNEY BROOKS, who has lately attracted attention by his chamber concerts of early, mediæval, and modern music, possesses a rare old violoncello, of which he is very proud. It is one of the finest Ruggieris in existence. Made in the year 1693, it was for over a hundred years used by the monks for all the religious festivals that took place at an old Italian monastery near Pavia, and the back still bears the mark where a chain was fixed for carrying the instrument on the shoulders in procession. Mr. Brooks originally played the violin, but hearing Mons. Holman on the 'cello one day in Birmingham, he changed his mind and took to the larger instrument. After playing successfully in Paris, he came to London, where he has since become well known and appreciated.

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SPEAKING of rare old instruments, there is a very interesting article on the romance of violin

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collecting in the July *Cornhill*. In these days every violinist wants a Strad., or a Guarnerius, and when he gets it he wants the world to know. And the world delights in the knowledge; for it is not like Joseph Hatton, the song writer, who was so incensed because a violinist advertised that he would play on a five-hundred-guinea instrument, that he intimated his own intention to sing "Old King Cole" in a pair of Moses' ten-and-six trousers. Joachim has four Strads., one costing £1,200, having been presented to him in celebration of his artistic jubilee. Tivadar Nachez has a Strad. which cost him £1,000; and Herr Waldemar Meyer has another for which £1,250 was paid. Lady Hallé plays on the Strad. which belonged to Ernst, whose widow parted with it for £500. Of Strad. cellos there are only a very few in existence. Signor Piatti has one worth £2,000, which failed to find a purchaser at £150 when first brought to England; and another instrument of the same make was bought by Hill in 1893 for the perfectly fabulous figure of £3,200! Mr. Carrodus plays on a Guarnerius for which he paid £700 twelve years ago. In the *Times* recently £1,400 was asked for a violin of this make, and another from the same hands was sold by Mr. Hart to Signor Nicolini, the husband of Madame Patti, for £1,500.

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A SINGULAR transformation in the appearance of Spohr's statue in the market place of Cassel recently caused some consternation in that sleepy little municipality. The good old burghers all rubbed their eyes; they could hardly believe it; but there was no doubt that over night the statue—a stately memorial in bronze—had turned green. The Casselites concluded that supernatural means was not an explanation of much value, and they investigated. It was found that an artful 'prentice boy had been the agent. The statue was dirty, and the town officials decided to have it cleaned. They gave the job to a painter, who thought so little of the matter, that he entrusted the duty to one of his apprentices, with the simple instruction to clean the statue well. It seemed to the boy that Spohr deserved more than mere brush and water. He consulted a young chemist friend as to what would best clean bronze, and the chemist suggested hydrochloric acid! Soon after its application Spohr turned to the beautiful tint which surprised the burghers next morning. The terrified perpetrator confessed on a promise of immunity.

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THE time is evidently coming when each of our great singers will dwell in his or her own castle in the midst of every luxury which the heart of man (or woman) can desire. Patti has already led the way by setting up a private Paradise of her own in Wales; and the brothers De Reszké are about to follow. A Chicago architect, as we learn, has received from the eminent vocalists a commission to build them a "princely lodge" at their country seat in Poland. Every part of the structure is to be completed in Chicago, and sent to Poland in sections. It is said that this is the first instance in which Western ideas of architecture and comfort have been adopted by any foreigner of artistic tastes in Poland. It will, however, only be a fair return for the dollars which the De Reszkés have at various times drawn from the American public.

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RUMOUR has so often been at fault with regard to the use to be made of the site of Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket, that one must take with caution any fresh reports of the

kind. According to the latest information, a syndicate is really in formation to build on the vacant plot a Theatre and Opera House, a restaurant and a ball room, which could be used for public and private dances, and also during the season for concerts. Presuming that the information is correct, one may doubt whether either a new concert room or a new theatre is required. But the need for a new Opera House is beyond all question. As the *Musical Standard* remarks, Covent Garden Theatre, without being exactly handsome in the way of staircases and corridors, is not to be despised as far as its fine auditorium is concerned; but the building is very much out of the way, and the approach to it is undignified and squalid. A handsome Opera House in the centre of fashionable London would be a splendid acquisition. The only question is, Would it pay?

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*Apropos* of my remarks in last issue on the Precentor *versus* Organist question, a barrister has come forward to enlighten an ignorant public on the precise duties which appertain to the respective officials. It seems that by the hard and fast laws of the cathedral statutes, the Precentor has absolute control of the music. He decides what is to be sung, and the choir are required to obey him. The organist's duty consists solely in playing his instrument and teaching the boys; he is not bound to teach the whole choir, and he need not conduct at rehearsals. Well, if this is really the case, it is perfectly evident that the statutes need revision and reform. The Precentor may at one time have been the leading musician on the cathedral staff, but the premier place has long since been taken by the organist, and it is intolerable that he should be held under subjection by an official who, as a rule, does not possess a third of his knowledge.

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WE have lately been hearing so much about conductors and conducting that the views of the conductors themselves come to me with a special interest. The secret of conducting, according to Signor Mancinelli, is that the conductor possess the qualities of self-control and self-repression. In Italy they have a way of thinking that warmth and enthusiasm are the main things, but that is not Signor Mancinelli's belief. Without the capacity for self-restraint, the utmost fervour will do nothing. The great aim of conducting should be to reproduce as nearly as possible the composer's—not the conductor's—ideas. It is essential also, if a conductor is to do his work properly, that he shall be acquainted with the science of composition, so that he may fully understand the details of whatever work he has to deal with. In fact, Signor Mancinelli does not hesitate to say that the conductor should be a composer—or at any rate "able to compose himself." But this is just the difficulty: some conductors are so exuberant that they can never manage to compose themselves.

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In the course of reading the other day, I came across an interesting article on the incomes made by orchestral musicians. Not long ago when a London violinist committed suicide there was some fuss made over the discovery that the poor fellow had only about £3 10s. per week. He had, apparently, a good deal more than many of his professional brethren. There are something like 2,000 orchestral players in London, and of that number only about fifty make £250 per annum for orchestral work alone; the great majority stop short of £150. At the Italian Opera a fixed weekly salary is

paid, which runs from £3 to £6, according to class of player and instrument; and for that salary there are not only the six or seven public performances, but all the rehearsals as well. Something like £500 a week is said to be the total cost of orchestra and conductor at the opera; while for an orchestral concert £100 has to be spent on the band alone. The ordinary pay in the latter case is a guinea for each player, with a rehearsal thrown in; on Sundays it is half-a-guinea. With regard to theatre orchestras, the terms in opera bouffe or burlesque, are from 36s.; in drama from 30s. At the smaller music halls the last-mentioned sum is generally paid. The best halls pay more. At the Empire, for example, the salaries vary from 45s.

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THE poor organist seems the perpetual butt of the Clerical Congress lecturer and other good people who interest themselves in his eternal welfare. A lady writer in one of the church magazines says he should say his prayers as a preliminary to Sunday morning duty, and if he is not an adept at extemporising an opening voluntary, he should drill himself by setting to music the collect for the day. Another individual is disturbed by the want of "fixed religious principles" which organists show in changing from church to chapel, forgetting all the time that the best way to "fix" an organist's religious principles is to fix a substantial salary to his appointment. His Grace the Archbishop of York, again, intimates that the choice of hymns and tunes must not be left to the poor organist. His Grace has the greatest regard for organists, but the clergy "should be careful to keep in their own hands the selection of hymns, and if they have any knowledge of music at all, in the selection of tunes also." In the interest of organists generally I hope this advice will not be followed. The Bishop of Ely once asked his candidates for ordination, "What is the chief difficulty you have met with during the past year?" One bold fellow replied, "My vicar." If the Archbishop's plan were generally adopted, the organist might hold the same answer always in readiness.

DR. JOHNSON said there was nothing to be earned by lectures that you might not learn as well from books. But Johnson said many foolish things in his *bow-wow* style, and this was one of them. Mr. S. Fraser Harris, of Dundee, has found that the Dundonians at any rate are willing to learn from lectures—and lectures on Wagner, too! A recent lecture of his on *Tannhäuser* was in fact such a success that a course has now been arranged for next autumn. The lectures will deal with Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, and Wagner, and the illustrations will be given by some of the leading professionals in the town. It is evident that Dundee can think of other things besides jute and marmalade.

THE Tonic Sol-fa Association's annual choral festival at the Crystal Palace passed off successfully on July 13. There were concerts of 5,000 juvenile executants and 3,000 adults on the Handel orchestra, the latter programme containing the whole of the first part of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, which was, on the whole, very creditably rendered under the direction of Mr. Leonard C. Venables, and with capable soloists, namely, Miss Margaret Hoare, Miss Edith Leslie, Mr. Henry Beaumont, and Mr. John Morley. The system of musical teaching which, if not invented, was at any rate perfected by the late John Curwen, continues to bear rich fruit.





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## Musical life in London.

### THE SCHULZ-CURTIS CONCERTS.

THIS series came to a triumphant termination on Thursday, July 6. The programme was a magnificent one, including, as it did, the whole of the third act of *Parsifal*, a large chunk of *Die Meistersinger*, and the *Euryanthe* overture. The last opened the concert; and I need scarcely say that the rendering was an ideal one from the Wagner point of view, though I am beginning to question whether the Wagner point of view is, after all, the right one. Weber, we must remember, was born in 1786, before Mozart was dead, and only sixteen years after the birth of Beethoven. Mozart was his favourite composer; he was comparatively advanced in life before he could understand Beethoven; and in his compositions he is further from Beethoven than from Mozart. That being so, it seems to me a mistake to treat him as though he were nearer to Wagner than to Beethoven. In a sense, he certainly is: he is purely romantic, whereas Beethoven is never romantic, never lets his imagination triumph over his common-sense. But in the expression Weber is a true child of Mozart. His imagination triumphs over his common-sense, but not over his sense of the beautiful. He never sacrifices sensuous beauty to expression: every phrase must stand or fall by its beauty, irrespective of its dramatic or emotional significance. When his imagination glows hottest, he still remembers "form," and writes a Devil's Hunt as carefully as ever Bach wrote a fugue, introducing no mere effects of noise, but keeping his counterpoint harmonious and orderly, and resolving his every discord with religious attention. His orchestral colouring is rich, certainly, but always restrained: he always gets his effect with the minimum of means. And it seems to me fairly certain that he never dreamed of his music being at any time Wagnerised: this part hurried, this dragged, this bit of colouring made almost glaring, this again subdued, and all for the sake of working out a dramatic programme. Such treatment would have scandalized him, and such is the treatment Mottl gives him. The result is, of course, simply to exaggerate the romantic side, and thus to give us something which is wildly beautiful, exciting, and full of colour, but which is not Weber, nor, I think, for those who know how to listen to beautiful music, so fine as Weber. But it is Mottl's way to Wagnerise everything; and though one may prefer other readings, an excessively romantic reading is better than no reading, and any reading that Mottl gives us is better than the most classical reading we could expect from any other conductor. After *Euryanthe* came *Die Meistersinger* and Mr. Van Dyck nearly drove me to distraction by his painful shouting. But a section of the audience liked it and applauded loudly, nearly as loudly as Mr. Van Dyck sang, and kept it up so long that Mr. Schlosser, the chorus master from Bayreuth, who was coming on at the moment to sing in the next selection, took it all for himself until Mottl's evident remark disillusioned him, and then he tried to look unconcerned. That is the worst of these Bayreuth people: they imagine that because we go to Bayreuth for a summer holiday combined with music that we admire them and all they do; and I verily believe that if the man who turns out the gas at the Wagner theatre entered Queen's Hall as (say) the audience was applauding Lady Hallé's

violin playing, he would take the applause to himself. All the *Meistersinger* music went admirably, and after that came the whole of the third act of *Parsifal*. I do not hesitate to call this the greatest piece of inspired interpretation Mottl has yet given us. He was hampered by Van Dyck, who sang the part of Parsifal as though he were delivering an Anarchist harangue to a huge and antagonistic audience in Trafalgar Square; and the more he horrified us all by his yelling the more he seemed to enjoy the sound of his own voice, until in the end he became positively unbearable. Still, whenever he was out of it for a few moments Mottl took us back into the strange fairyland of *Parsifal*, and one forgot everything save the divine splendour of the music. Mottl was ably backed by Messrs. Plunket Greene and Bispham, Mr. Bispham especially singing the music of Amfortas with wonderful command of pathos. At the end of the concert the whole audience remained in the hall to cheer Mottl until he came on to bow his "acknowledgments" some half-dozen times at least, I should think. There can be no doubting the fact that Mottl is London's favourite conductor, and will become even more so in the future. I hope we shall have no more of Siegfried Wagner, just a little of Levi, and as much of Mottl as is feasible in the next series, which Mr. Schulz-Curtius already announces for November.

### NIKISCH CONCERTS.

I am under the impression that I promised last month to discuss Nikisch more fully on the present occasion than I could afford space to then. But after hearing him several times I have arrived at the conclusion that there is not a great deal to discuss. He does what Mottl and Levi do, and at his best approaches closer to Levi than to Mottl. He lacks the giant strength of the latter, and to some extent tries to compensate for the lack of strength by doing unusual things; but when he avoids that dreadful failing he can play very well indeed. His second concert came off on June 22, on which date I was at the Crystal Palace hearing Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* performed on "the Handel Festival scale," and therefore cannot say how Nikisch got on, though a certain trusty double of mine, whom I would not recommend the reader to trust merely because I do, tells me that this was the most delightful concert of the series. And on June 29 I had to be at Covent Garden hearing the first performance of the opera which won the prize offered by Madame Fanny Moody and Mr. Charles Manners, and so missed the third concert also, which was a pity, for Paderewski played the piano. However, on July 6, I discarded all lesser claims and went along to Queen's Hall to hear and see the last of Nikisch for the present season. His programme included Brahms' Symphony in D; Beethoven's violin concerto; the prelude to *Lohengrin*; the prelude and death-song from *Tristan and Isolde*; and, finally, the Kaisermarsch. Well, about the Brahms' symphony I have little to say. Frankly, I don't like it; it bores me; some parts of it irritate me until I long to shed the blood of Brahms and all his aiders and abettors from the deceased Robert Schumann to the obedient Hanslick. Generally I console myself with the fact that Schumann is dead, and that Brahms and Hanslick will die too, unless as well as being Jews they are Wandering Jews. It will suffice to say that Nikisch gave the work a clean-cut, delicate rendering, and made the most of the parts which are not so dull as the duller parts. The violinist who played with the Beethoven concerto was Mr. Rivarde. I say played with it, but it would be more accurate to

say worked at it; for Mr. Rivarde went through every bar with deadly care, as though he had made up his mind that a bar of music is a bar of music, whether it is poetic, or emotional, or triumphantly noisy, or delicately pathetic music; and he worked his way from beginning to end as a sawyer works his way through a log of wood. The method may be commended for its earnest thoroughness; but the fruits of it are not exhilaration and a great uplifting or purifying of the spirit, but boredom rather, and depression, and evil thoughts which are Mr. Rivarde toward. The playing of the *Lohengrin* prelude was divine. Mr. Nikisch managed to produce the very atmosphere Wagner intended, the blue sky, the thin fresh air, and the ethereal clouds floating almost too high for human eye to perceive; and the climax came off with magnificent force and brilliancy. The *Tristan* prelude and Death-song were romantically picturesque, and the Kaisermarsch a dead failure. This was the result of Nikisch trying to do something new. He played with the tempo, he introduced light and shade when and where he wished, whether the piece would bear it or not, he sentimentalised and grew furious in turns, until one wondered whether this was really our healthy, strong, clear-headed Wagner's music we were listening to. When Mr. Nikisch comes next year everyone who has heard him once will surely go with pleasure to hear him again, and they will go a third time and many more times if only he will drop that anxiety to be original.

### AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

I have rather a horror of Crystal Palace Festivals. They recall the Handel Festival of last year, when I was first jumped (*sauté*) like a steak in a crammed railway carriage, then cooked like a steak in the topmost gallery where the sun beat fiercest, and then had to rush madly home and sit "in my own juice" all night to write my seven or eight pages about everything that had happened at the Palace save what interested me most, viz., my own cooking. So on this occasion I took my ticket with fear and trembling, prepared for the worst. However, the worst never came. The train was moderately empty; it did not stop between the stations so often as usual; it therefore arrived at the Palace in fairly good time; and when it got there the crush was not at all startling. My seats were on the ground-floor, and a courteous steward took me straight to them; and as I had two, and only one person to fill them, I stretched myself in luxury across the two and settled down to reflect. Why, thought I, should that last Festival have been a thing to flee from, and this one perfectly safe? Then the thought flashed across me: This is a Mendelssohn, that was a Handel Festival. That was indeed the case. And I am afraid Mendelssohn's reputation will rapidly wane in this country now that no powerful firm of publishers possesses the copyright of his sacred works, and it is therefore no longer worth that firm's while to push him at every festival in the country and generally keep up a state of excitement whenever anything of his is done. Poor Mendelssohn! you did not deserve that your fame should depend upon the amount of profit your works brought to your publishers. But it was so. Now any one may publish your *Elijah*, and competition has taken the price of the vocal score far beneath the four shillings per copy on which a certain firm only lately grew fat; and as the firm has grown fat, and sees no possibility of your enabling it to grow fatter, it will do nothing for you in return for all you have done for it. Such is life, O Mendelssohn, such is the music publisher! However, to get to this



festival, it was rather an interesting function than otherwise. The chorus and orchestra of three thousand worked with a will, Madame Albani and Mr. Lloyd sang as though the *Hymn of Praise* were really very fine music, and Mr. Manns conducted with his usual splendid mastery. Madame Clara Samuel joined in the duet "I waited for the Lord," and had the sense to sing the B flat at the end instead of the G, which I am sorry to hear Dr. Mann lately substituted at Cambridge. I am well aware that the fifth without any third for more than an octave below is reckoned harsh, but that is merely one of the superstitions of pedanticism. A too powerful third is quite as harsh as a bare fifth, and besides, this fifth is not bare; the third sounds up quite distinctly from below. I did not stay to hear the magnificent strains of Sullivan and Rossini in the second part of the programme: Mendelssohn is enough of that sort of thing for one day without a dose of Mendelssohn's imitators and such writers for the circus as Rossini.

#### THE PADEREWSKI RECITAL.

Even if Paderewski were not a great pianist, I should admire the reserve and restraint of the man. When Mr. Sauer came across and made his little success, he immediately hastened to arrange a long series of recitals, and by the time he had played them all off he was in a fair way for playing his audience off too, for of course he showed all that was in his hand, so to say. Good piano-playing is a delicacy, a precious fruit, and it cannot be taken by the shovelfull like orchestral playing, or one becomes nauseated. Paderewski knows this full well, and instead of playing twice a week for a month and a half he comes here once in a couple of years and gives us one recital. For result, the popular imagination is kept in a state of excitement about him, the fever of curiosity is never slaked. It's a good policy, and one that commends itself to me especially; for of course the player has developed, or gone backward, or changed somehow, in the course of two years, and it is possible to say something about him, if only that he *has* developed, gone backward, or changed somehow. And what may I say about Paderewski this year? He has changed, certainly, but has he gone forward, or made a retrograde step? And if the latter, have I the courage to say it? Courage or no courage, I regret that I must say it: the truth is too evident for me to dare to lie: even Mr. Joseph Bennett would find me out. Paderewski has changed, and very much for the worse. I am far from regarding his present state as likely to be permanent. On the contrary, I believe that he has been composing too much and practising too little; and I believe he will resume his old mastery as soon as he begins to compose less and practise more. But just now his playing is far from being admirable, though of course it pleases the old ladies who come to admire his locks of dusty gold as much as ever. The Beethoven sonata was finely given in some parts, the fugues being especially fine in conception; but the Schumann fantasia in C (Op. 17) went completely to pieces owing to the fearful exaggerations recklessly introduced at every possible point, the Chopin selections were not half so stimulating as usual, and Mendelssohn suffered from over-modernity. On the whole, the recital can only be described as eminently unsatisfactory. I rather fancy that after Rosenthal's piano-wacking of a night or so previous, Paderewski had felt it incumbent upon him to show that he could whack the piano as well as another. Now piano-whacking is a mistake at any time. If Rosenthal ever makes an English reputation, it will be by dropping the piano-whacking and

beginning to play the piano. But especially is it a mistake in Paderewski's case. He has not Rosenthal's strength, nor, I suspect, Rosenthal's phenomenal technique. What we admire Paderewski for is not his extraordinary technique, but his high gift of interpretation, his uniformly lovely tone, his expression; and when he drops these and tries to compete with the circus gymnasts (and for the present Rosenthal can only be described as a circus gymnast) he relinquishes the one claim he has for more than usually careful consideration, and enters upon a competition in which he is sure to be beaten.

#### AT THE OPERA.

This season has been a curious one: more of a singers' than a composers' season. Sir Augustus Harris, having commenced by promising much, has ended in performing little. We were to have *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin* and *Tristan*, sung and mounted in a first-rate manner; and the end of it is that we have had *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* mounted magnificently and sung very badly, while *Tristan* has been shunted into a siding and left there forgotten until the season was finished. That is not the kind of thing we expect from Sir Augustus. He has a monopoly of opera in this country, having effectually squelched out his only able competitor, Lago, and it is his duty to do his best with his monopoly, not to abuse it by foisting on us such pig-wash as *Trovatore* and *Otello*, *La Traviata* and *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Such a dreary season I have never known. It may be summed up thus:—Tamagno has made a reputation as a singer who can do melodramatic parts better than any man living. Albani remains just where she was. Melba has added slightly to her reputation, by doing the limited number of things she does better than she has ever done them before. Eames has shown that she is nearer to being a great operatic actress than Melba, while she runs her rival dangerously close in the matter of voice. Giulia Ravogli sings not quite so well as she did last year, just as last year she did not sing so well as she did the year before, and as the year before she did not sing so well as the year before that. Giulia Ravogli was at her best when Lago introduced her to the public five years ago or six at least; and ever since then she has steadily degenerated, though she still remains a great opera-singer, head and shoulders above her competitors. We have heard Sembrich again, and like her no better than before. She cannot act, and has not a fine enough voice to compel us to tolerate the bad acting, as we tolerate it in the case of Melba, for the sake of beautiful singing. Marie Engle has shown that she has no rival in the smaller parts, such as the Page in *Figaro*, though her rather slight figure and voice will probably prevent her ever doing any of the great parts. Maurel remains unsurpassed in parts such as Wolfram, the Count in *Figaro*, and Don Giovanni in the opera of that name. And these are the principal figures of the season. About the operas I can say little, for the simple reason that none but old ones have been done. As I remarked at the outset, it has been a singers' and not a composers' season. The two composers who have had a "show," Mr. Cowen and Mr. Maclean, have not availed themselves to any advantage of their opportunity. Mr. Cowen I discussed at length last month; and about Mr. Maclean I can only say that his opera, *Petruccio*, which won the £100 prize offered by Madame Fanny Moody and Mr. Manns, is a singularly poor imitation of *Cavalleria*. And *Cavalleria* is absolutely the poorest opera of any note achieved in this generation.

#### MISCELLANEOUS CONCERTS.

Of these there have been scores, though not so many scores as usual. The foreign pianist is perhaps getting a little sick of coming across and spending his or her all on a recital in St. James's Hall which no one attends. At least I hope this is so, for in the crowds who have inflicted themselves upon us of late years it has become more and more impossible to sift the good from the bad. Why do these poor wretches imagine that because they have made their little success in Berlin or an even more obscure German town, that we English will hasten to applaud everything they do; why will they not understand that in England, though we may give reputations, we never accept them ready made? We are the judges of the music and the musical artists of the world; we decide what is good and what is bad; and we will not permit any German or French critics to decide for us. If foreign artists want to make money in England—and after all that is chiefly what they come here for—they must come, play or sing for us, and listen to what we say about them, and accept the verdict without demur. If the verdict is favourable, so much the better for them; if it is unfavourable, so much the worse; but it cannot be remedied, least of all by shrieking into our ears that Tappert of Berlin or the German equivalent of Smith of Cologne, has given them a certificate of merit. No sensible person here cares a bad halfpenny for Tappert of Berlin or Smith of Cologne. We are prepared to listen and give our verdict, but the artists tried must abide by it. And if they don't like this, why then it is surely very easy for them to stay away. We don't want them; we would rather they did stay away.

This is more or less a prelude to a declaration of utter want of faith in Rosenthal, who is the latest pianist who has come here with a continental reputation. That his technique is stupendous no one will deny, that he is the smallest degree an artist I shall be the last to admit. If he changes, if he grows into an artist, I shall gladly admit it, and notice him at length; but at present I content myself, and my readers must be content, with the very brief remark that he has played several times, and on each occasion made it evident that he is not an artist at all, but a first-rate master of the technique of his instrument. Of other miscellaneous concerts, that given by Miss Fanny Davies on June 24 calls for no special notice. She engaged Mr. Mühlfeld to come across and join her in playing some of Brahms' sonatas for piano and clarinet, and she played a few pieces herself in her well-known manner. Miss Janotha drew a number of people to her Chopin memorial concert on June 21 by the announcement that Sarah Bernhardt would appear. Sarah however, did not appear, having lately, apparently, contracted a habit of promising to turn up at little functions of the sort and making a point of staying away. Of course this sort of thing gives her a notoriety, which, with a fast waning reputation like hers, may be useful; but it is annoying to those who engage her, and still more so to those who pay their money mainly because they wish to hear her. To both I would say, put not your faith in Sarah. In the case of Miss Janotha's concert, there was unfortunately very little else beyond Sarah to attract any one. Miss Janotha played very much as she always does play, and though Miss Brema's singing was as finely emotional as ever, she had very little to "break her mind on," for Miss Janotha had persuaded her to take the voice part in a Chopin melody arranged in a manner that was as lunatic as the feat itself was scandalous, for voice, piano and organ. She sang something else later on, but before then I



had wearied of the proceedings and was far away. Miss Clara Butt also sang with all the freshness and beauty of voice to which she has accustomed us. These two concerts, Miss Davies' and Miss Janotha's, were not too exhilarating, on the whole, and as they were infinitely better than most of the others which I have attended of late, my readers will probably thank me if I leave the others alone.

## How to Play Mozart's Sonatas.

(Continued from page 144.)

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**V**ARIATION number two is, I said in my last instalment of this article, "light and airy." But this description is vague, for Mozart is never light and airy right through a piece, or indeed right through a phrase: one always hears the "tears on his voice." To play the most cheerful of these variations as though it were a Strauss waltz would be to libel Mozart, for however gay he may be you will always be able to detect the sad accent that his tongue never lost. We find it in the two bars preceding, and the two following the double bar in this variation. But it must not be exaggerated; it must be allowed to make itself felt without undue pressure from you, but also without your standing in the way. To begin at the beginning of this variation, observe first the peculiar rhythmical spring: triplets in the left hand are answered by crochets and semiquaver groups in the right. To get the rhythm correct you must accent the first and third beats of each bar most strongly, playing the triplet quavers in the left hand very evenly, and the groups of semiquavers in the right very lightly, daintily. You will note that the first four bars are to be given out softly and answered loudly, quite in the old-fashioned style. The phrase that leads to the double bar should be played thus, both now and afterwards on its repetition:—



It may be seen that Mozart wanted the accentuation I have prescribed from the fact of the bar immediately after the double bar being phrased thus:—



The first bar here must be absolutely smooth, while the second and third are given as I say. Be very careful not to exaggerate the *piano* in

the next bar, and the *forte* following that; but make a regular and graduated crescendo in proceeding from one to another.

The danger in the next variation is that you may feel inclined to play it too fast, and altogether to make a bravura piece of it; and this is absolutely wrong. It must run smoothly, but rather heavily than lightly. You should practise up the bass first, getting it legato and not too heavy; and when that is achieved, work at the treble, day and night until it goes along smooth as oil, to use Mozart's own phrase. When this can be done with absolute mastery there is nothing to which special attention need be called. The tone throughout is more suggestive of strings than wires.

In Variation IV. we find the first development of the opening two notes. The low A must be struck with sufficient force, and the higher one that follows not quite so strongly. You will observe that this is repeated in another form a little later on. The real difficulty of the variation, however, lies in the left-hand part, which is undoubtedly "stiff." It must be practised well before the treble is taken in hand. The treble itself is not easy. The first two bars suggest trumpets to me, and then the next semiquavers are like the strings taking up the parable, as Mr. Joseph Bennett would say. I should certainly detach the notes of the second bar considerably, and those of the next bar also with the exception of the G and E, which are connected by a slur. It is after the double bar that the left-hand part will cause you most trouble. The fingering is the essential thing, so I give that which I have found most serviceable for every-day wear:—



The stretch from the A, taken with the little finger, to the D, taken with the third, at \* is not so easy at first, but once mastered it works out better than any other fingering of the passage I have met. Remember that the time is slowish, though of course it must not be allowed to drag. I have forgotten to say that in the sixth and seventh bars there must be a great crescendo, to give point to the whole variation. It will be seen that in every one of the variations there are two climaxes: the first at bar seven, and the other in the third bar after the double bar. Every one of them must be carefully led up to, and if you remember that they are the highest points, so to speak, of each variation, it may enable you to adjust the relations of one part to another in point of tone-volume more easily than if you trusted to your artistic feeling alone.

The next section is a staccato study built on this figure, which must be accentuated as I give it:—



I strongly advise a little stress being placed on the first of each group of quavers in the left hand, and that they should be played with the expression I have indicated above. The fourth bar will take more playing than one might imagine at the first glance. There is a *crescendo* made as you go through it, and the semiquavers must be played much more lightly than the dotted quavers. At the same time you must not allow the thing to jump along: the motion must be smooth as ever. Immediately after the double bar a nasty bit occurs:—



The phrasing is, of course, the main difficulty, and you must look well after all the slurs, cutting off the lighter notes accurately, as I have indicated. Mozart wrote the whole passage in quavers: I have altered some of them to semiquavers merely to indicate the accentuation more clearly. Remember that the speed here is high, and that the tone must be clear and just thin enough to suggest flutes. Towards the finish the right hand takes the thirds, and the passage is increased in difficulty by the left having to phrase thus:—



while the thirds are absolutely smooth save for ever so slight a *crescendo* in going up and a corresponding *decrescendo* in descending.

If this variation suggests wind instruments, the next, No. 6, evidently is strings all the way through. Note first that the opening group of notes, considerably modified, must be accented in the same fashion: the A strongly, the F not quite so strongly, and the D strongest of all. The quavers should be played with as full a tone as possible, with no jerkiness, so as to suggest a steady tremolo running through the whole variation. After that bass D is struck with sufficient force, the treble must be given out thus:—



In bar 3 put a little stress on the third beat, and in the next bar accent the bass while touching the treble just smartly enough to make it heard. This applies to the remainder of movement, which is built, so to speak, after one pattern.

(To be concluded.)

Miss Anna Williams has joined the ranks of the singing teachers. The lady, who is a daughter of Mr. W. S. Williams, to whose choice as "reader" for Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., the publication of "Jane Eyre" was due, carried off the first soprano prize at the Crystal Palace competition of 1872, and has for twenty years held a high position as a vocalist.

A new field has been opened for woman's labour. At the first performance of *Harold* at Covent Garden, a woman prompter was employed instead of a man. The Hamburg Company, which appeared at Drury Lane a couple of years ago, also employed a lady prompter, it having been found that the female voice carried better across the stage, and yet was less likely to be heard by the audience.

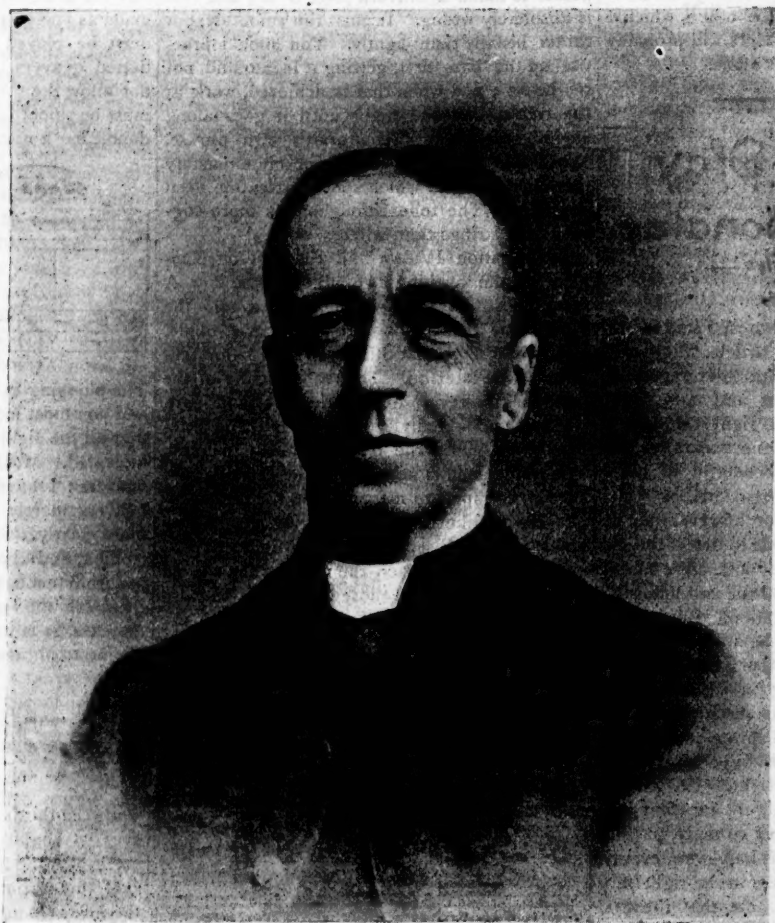




## Music in the Public Schools.



EPSOM COLLEGE.



REV. S. J. ROWTON, M.A., MUS. DOC.

**A** STRIKING feature in the history of Public School life is the rapidity with which some of the newer foundations have outstripped in prestige some of their older established rivals and come to the front rank as educational institutions. Winchester, Eton, Harrow, and the like must always obviously remain pre-eminent, but the time has passed when one could talk of "the nine Public Schools," or deny the term "Public School," to the modern institutions of Rossall, Marlborough, or Clifton. And not only has this advance been rapid, but the whole tone of these institutions has been marked by a more liberal spirit than that prevailing amongst the old schools. While the whole curriculum of the latter ran in well-worn grooves all shaping to one end—Scholarships at Oxford and Cambridge—the newer institutions, devoting equal attention to the same object, were yet able to find new channels into which to direct the hitherto wasted energy of that great residuum of unclassical and unmathematical youths who form so large a proportion of a scholastic community. I am aware that these marked differences between the older and newer schools are not so evident nowadays, but that is simply owing to the fact of the "leveling up" process (in the shape of a wider range of studies) which has marked the later development of the old institutions. I need only point to one illustration of this. While music was well organized and was flourishing at Uppingham, Rossall, Marlborough and Clifton, Harrow stood alone among schools of the old régime in which it formed in any way a part of school life.

And this brings me to the point of my article, that it is in the younger foundations that one finds the greater amount of musical activity. That the older, with their great latent potentialities, have shown equally good results when they chose to follow in the same paths, does not, I imagine, affect the point at issue. Music in the new schools has had no hard fight for recognition, hence we find there a very high standard, both of general taste and actual practice.

Epsom College is a typical instance of this. Founded in 1855 as a Foundation School for the sons of medical men, it steadily worked its way, until it may now fairly claim a place amongst the generally recognised Public Schools. On the foundation are 50 boys—necessitous orphans or sons of medical men—who receive free board and education. It says much for the success of the school that there are besides this, 200 boys now in residence who pay the usual school fee of £70 per annum.

The music of the school is in the charge of the Rev. S. J. Rowton, M.A., Mus. Doc., and it is to his rooms that I make my way on the occasion of my visit.

"You have had charge of the music for some time, Dr. Rowton, have you not?"

I detect a twinkle of amusement as the doctor replies—

"Since it began here,—a mere twenty-five years, that is all."

"Then I couldn't have possibly come to a better authority."

"I ought perhaps to tell you," resumed the doctor, "that I originally came here as classical

master, but finding a number of boys with considerable musical ability, I took them in hand. The number of such boys grew so rapidly, that the arrangement of my taking them as private pupils was soon discarded, and regular musical instruction became—what it has always remained since—a part of the school teaching scheme."

"I presume you adopt the system of taking all lessons and practices out of school hours?"

"Most certainly. It is the only workable plan, I think. One does not want to waste time with boys of no musical capacity, and the plan of taking the subject out of school ensures that you only have to teach such as do not begrudge the time thus taken from their play. A boy would hardly be likely to voluntarily dock his play time for a subject he disliked."

"Might I ask the proportion of these enthusiastic musicians to the rest of the school?"

"Thirty-six at present learn the piano, four the organ, ten the violin, and three the 'cello. Each of them has twenty minutes practice per day and one lesson per week of the same length. If a boy wishes to learn any other instrument—which is seldom—we make special arrangements for him."

"You do not mention violas. How do you manage with the band in their absence?"

"Oh, we are very well off in that respect, as two of our masters play that instrument."

"Then music here is not regarded by the staff as their *bête noir*, as is so often the case in a school?"

"By no means. Besides the two I have named, we have also on the staff a good 'cellist

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and a brilliant flautist, who are an invaluable help to the band."

"What style of music do you most affect?"

"Our efforts are chiefly limited to pieces for performance at the annual concert in the Lent term. Indeed, that is the only term when any regular rehearsals are held. During the remainder of the year the members practise individually with the violin master, Mr. J. Hailes, who, I believe, holds a similar position at St. John's School, Leatherhead. As far as the music performed is concerned, we do movements from the easier symphonies, with the wind parts supplied—where necessary—on the harmonium, with an occasional piece written specially for strings."

"What shape does musical enterprise take in other terms?"

enlarged, as it will be shortly. I ought to add, perhaps, that the choir numbers sixty."

"A large choir for the size of the school."

"Yes, and what is more, they are all very keen about their choir duties, and as a result we get hearty services. Our only difficulty is the tenors."

"Ah, the usual scarcity, I suppose?"

"Exactly; combined of course with the difficulty of getting anything like pure tenor quality of tone from boys of that age."

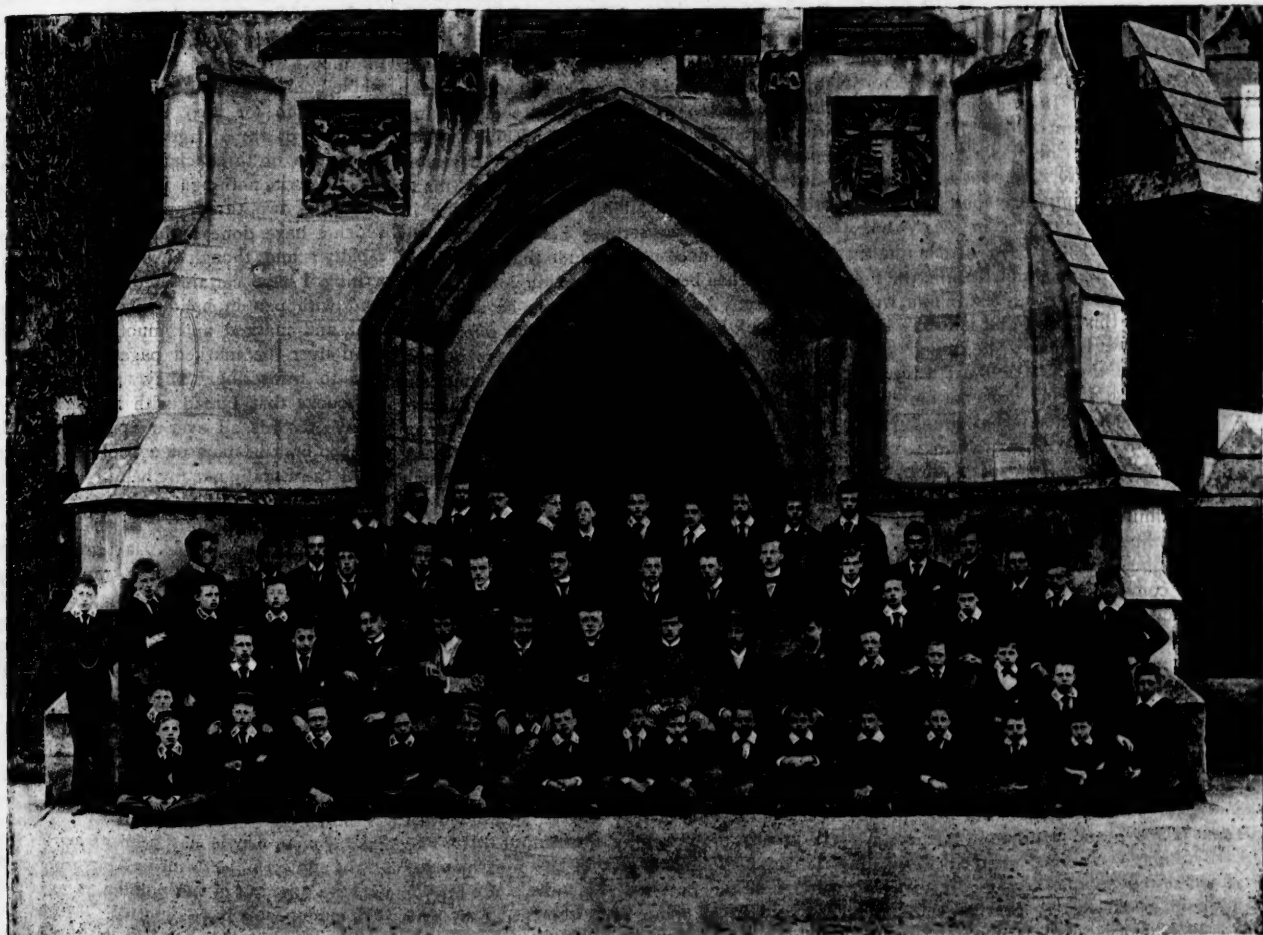
"Do you do anything in the way of musical performances in chapel other than the services?"

"We did the 'Crucifixion' in Lent, and there we felt the inadequacy of the organ. The tenor difficulty, too, necessitated our omitting most of the higher solos. The rest of the performance

they were respectively Pinsuti's 'Good-night, beloved,' and Macfarren's 'Break, break, break on thy cold grey stones, O sea.' Dr. 'Westminster' Bridge was judge at the last competition, and the prize was gained by the Propert House."

"To what do you devote the Michaelmas term?"

"Nothing, as far as the boys' musical performances are concerned. It is the term of exams., and with such-like bugbears around, we confine the musical efforts of the boys, as in the summer term, to the chapel services and individual practice. I however give a pianoforte recital to the school once a week, on Saturday evenings, and the attentive manner in which they listen is, I think, a surprising thing in schoolboys. You would hardly, I imagine, guess their favourite composer?"



THE CHOIR.

[From a Photograph by C. J. HOPKINS, Epsom.]

"In the summer term, as you can imagine, nothing is done save the usual lessons and the choir practices. The keenest musician among us would hardly wish to be indoors a day like this, for example."

And certainly as I looked through the window upon the sunshiny stretch of greensward (I trust I have used the correct adjectives), with its beflannelled groups of "Young England at play" (that, I am sure, is the proper expression), I felt bound to admit that it *was* extremely unlikely.

"Then with regard to the choir, Dr. Rowton; what is the nature of your chapel services?"

"We don't have anthems; how that has come to be a school tradition I don't know, but I compensate for the omission by putting as much of other music into the service as it will hold. Smart in F and Stainer in A are the style of music we are most partial to. The only drawback to our services is the organ, a one manual Gray & Davidson, with six stops. We hope for better things however when the chapel is

however was quite good. We cannot hope to do bigger works until the chapel enlargements are completed."

"And now about the house singing? I understand it is a regular institution here."

"Yes; it has only been instituted of late years, but an extraordinary amount of keenness is displayed by the boys about it. There are five houses in the school: the 'Wilson' (the Head Master's house), the 'Forest,' the 'Propert,' the 'Carr,' and the 'Granville.' The contest between them takes place in the Lent term. The master of each house *theoretically* trains his singers, but if unmusical himself, he does it by deputy. The competition includes (1) Solo singing, (2) Chorus singing, (3) Quartet singing. The solos are divided into (a) those for broken voices, and (b) those for unbroken voices. The choruses consist of fourteen members. We leave the choice of solos to the soloists themselves, but the quartet and chorus pieces are generally selected by me. This year

"From my experience of schoolboy opinion in such matters, I should say Sullivan or Chevalier."

"No indeed; I'm always being asked to play 'more Grieg.'"

"Shows excellent taste on their part—an unusual element in the schoolboy composition."

"It is indeed."

VERY great regret has found utterance at the painfully sudden death of Mr. J. T. Carrodus, the esteemed violinist and leader of the Covent Garden and many other orchestras. He was in his place at the opera on Friday night last week, but was taken ill shortly afterwards, and died at eight o'clock on Saturday morning, July 13, from rupture of the oesophagus, owing in all probability to a violent attack of dyspepsia. John Toplady Carrodus was born in January, 1836, at Braithwaite, in Yorkshire, and studied his art under Molique, whose elegant, refined style he fully succeeded in gaining. Complaints were sometimes made that his method was cold and unimpassioned, but there were no two opinions as to the purity of his tone and the correctness of his intonation. A large number of musicians attended his funeral at Highgate.



## ✦ Authors and their Works. ✦

MR. HALL CAINE.

**M**AN of letters and country gentleman, Mr. Hall Caine has reached an enviable position among the literary craftsmen of the day. He believes in the Johnsonian maxim: "If you mean to be a literary man, be a literary man; make literature keep you; don't let it be a plaything." Like other writers at the top of the tree, he has, however, had to work hard for the place he holds. Probably he never lived, like Mr. Crockett, on a little less than six shillings a week, but he certainly went through the mill and gained in the hard school of life that practical wisdom and mental balance which are so requisite in the disciplining of the imagination. Mr. Caine was born in 1853, and is of Manx parentage—as indeed he has made known to the British public through a series of uncommonly fine lectures delivered at the Royal Institution. His childhood was largely spent in the Isle of Man, and for a whole winter he was a schoolmaster there. Then he went to Liverpool to begin life as an architect, and imposed upon the public as a writer of leading articles in *The Builder* and *The Building News*. An article on St. Mark's, Venice, he signed, and Ruskin, the first literary man who took any interest in him, wrote him about it. At this time—that is to say when he was about twenty—he wrote much about stage matters in the now defunct Liverpool *Argus*, for in those days he was not merely an ardent playgoer, but an unacted dramatist as well. In his longer and more ambitious contributions he forsook journalism and became literary to the measure of his heart's desire; and it must be admitted that those who knew him then were inclined to think that his literature was not a thing of much account. There is, however, a comforting doctrine that youthful crudity is the chrysalis form of mature genius; and Mr. Caine's problematical beginning was happily turned to an assured success.

It was Mr. Caine's inestimable advantage to possess the friendship and counsel of Rossetti in his early years of literary work. Rossetti was, in his own words, "one of the only two men I have ever met who have given me in personal intercourse a sense of the presence of a gift that is above and apart from talent—in a word, of genius. Nothing escaped him: his alert mind seized upon everything. It was an education in literary art to sharpen one's wits on such a grindstone, to clarify one's thought in such a stream, to strengthen one's imagination by contact with a mind that was of imagination all compact." It was his friendship with Rossetti that led to Mr. Caine's going up to London—where he shared rooms with the poet—to throw himself fairly on the sea of literature. At this time he was doing a good deal of reviewing, and he was also engaged as "reader" in the publishing house of Bentley, getting a guinea for every MS. he read through. From the first he was successful. It is true he began by writing a work of criticism which he had some difficulty in placing; but when one thinks of Mr. Hall Caine, he thinks of the novelist, and in this capacity the author of "The Bondman" has no pitiful story to tell of rejection at the hands of publishers. Indeed if refusal is quite the best thing that can happen to the candidate for literary honours, Mr. Caine's fate has not been favourable. "No tale of mine," he once said in *The Idler*, "has yet passed from publishing house to publishing house. Except the first of the series, my stories have

been accepted before they have been read. In two or three instances they have been bought before they have been written. It has occurred to me, as to others, to have two or three publishers offering terms for the same book. I have even been offered half payment in hand on account of a book which I could not hope to write for years, and might never write at all. Thus the most helpful confession which the more or less successful man of letters can make for the comfort and cheer of his younger and less fortunate brethren, it is out of my power to offer."

Mr. Caine's first novel, "The Shadow of a Crime," was written when he was thirty, "at a heavy price of labour and heart-burning." He was offered £50 for the copyright, but declined to part with the MS. for that sum. Then the book was taken to Messrs. Chatto & Windus, who offered terms which were accepted. The novel has now been through some thirteen or fourteen editions. Mr. Caine tells of many breakdowns in the attempt to get through it. Of course he was serving his apprenticeship then, but one need not conclude that the writing of a novel has been a plain-sailing job with him ever since. As a matter of fact, he says that every book he has written since has offered yet greater difficulties. There has always been a point of the story at which he has felt confident that it must kill him. Three or four times he has thrown up commissions in sheer terror of the work ahead. But there are not many novelists who prepare for their stories with such laborious thoroughness as Mr. Hall Caine. If you were to see his study while he is "steeping" himself in the theme of a new work, you would find the floor covered with the wildest chaos of books and papers, all bearing more or less on the subject in hand. The public expects a novel to be light reading. It may revenge itself for occasional disappointment—in the present instance, at any rate—by remembering that a novel is not always light writing. "Don't pot boil," says Mr. Caine; "in the long run, the most profitable policy is always to do the finest work you can."

It is quite unnecessary to give a catalogue of the works produced by the author of "The Manxman," for he is one of the most popular writers of the day, and his novels are known and read of all men—and women. Nor is he likely to "give out" in the story-telling line; for the fertility of his imagination is rich enough to last him longer than he can have any use for it. "All the stories can never be told," he says; "they go on to the end of time." In his view, there might be ten thousand ways of handling the materials in such a work as "The Vicar of Wakefield"; and you might have ten thousand variations of human interest in the story of a man with an unsympathetic wife and a sympathetic mistress. Mr. Caine is not unknown as a dramatist, being joint author of two plays, of which the better known is "Ben-my-Chree," the dramatised version of "The Deemster," written in collaboration with Mr. Wilson Barrett. Another play, "Mahomet," written to Sir Henry Irving's commission for the Lyceum, was virtually suppressed by the storm of indignation which arose among the Indian Mussulmans in the Mohammedan journals.

Mr. Caine has travelled a good deal in pursuit of literary material. He has been to Iceland, and in 1891 he visited Morocco. He is

very much interested in the Jews, and he means to go to Palestine as soon as he can. Finding London fatal to the best work, he hid himself at Keswick, in the Lake district, for a time, and is now established in a castle in his beloved Isle of Man. As a boy, who could have nothing he did not earn, he used to pass this identical castle, with its seven acres of ground, feeling it was *there* he would like to live. Now his wish has been gratified. He is a conservative in the matter of old Manx customs, and has been reviving some of them—which means that he is not enthusiastic about the invasion of the island by the tripper and the tourist. He associates almost entirely with the farming people around, and with the fishing population in the near neighbourhood. He has no particular methods of literary work. "I write," he says, "at all times and all hours; sometimes through the night, often getting up in the middle of it, and then sleeping long after breakfast-time; or I may be up at six in the morning. In fact, I am the plague of the whole household, and the servants hardly know what to do for me. Sometimes I will write only two or three pages at a sitting, at other times two or three chapters. Weeks pass in which I write nothing; indeed, there have been periods of two, three, and even four months in which I have done nothing but read. I read rapidly; and though I have no methods of writing, I have certain methods of reading. I read with pen in hand; my books are scored over, and marked and annotated, and I often hand over the marked pages to my sister or wife to transcribe. They arrange and index the books that I read with any special object. I have records all over my pigeon-holes. If I want to find the part of a book that impressed me, I can usually put my hand upon it." Thus do we see the working of the machinery. Mr. Hall Caine's appearance is well known from many portraits. He is fair and delicately ruddy, with fine flaxen hair, brushed straight back, and sandy whiskers; slightly pointed beard, imparting something of a French look. He has large brown eyes, soft yet penetrating, and hiding beneath their placidity a fiery light, which flashes out ever and anon, their pink lids telling of sleepless toil. The face is refined and soft-featured, mobile and sensitive; the expression grave, intent, *spirituelle*. Such is Mr. Hall Caine.

Dr. Conan Doyle has been giving his views on the subject of lecturing in America. Nothing like the amount, in his opinion, is to be made that some people have reported. Dickens and Thackeray certainly brought back large sums of money from the States, but times have changed since then, and we have no Dickens or Thackeray nowadays. The British lecturer whose credentials are more modest will find that the margin left over, after his expenses are paid, is probably less than he could have easily earned in his own study at home. As for the 500 dollars per lecture, recently mentioned in the American correspondence of the *Author*, that is sheer nonsense, and a fifth part of that amount would be nearer the mark. But of the kindness and hospitality of the American people Dr. Doyle speaks with the utmost appreciation.

Messrs. J. C. and E. C. Jack, of Edinburgh, are about to publish a new edition of the poetry of Burns. *Cui bono?* One would have thought there were already more than enough editions of the Ayrshire bard.

One would like to know why Mr. George Augustus Sala should get a Civil List Pension of £100 a year. It used to be said of Mr. Sala



that as the "special" of the *Daily Telegraph* he had "the pay of an ambassador," and if he has not saved enough from his journalistic work to keep his cook and his laundress busy for the remainder of his days, it has not been the fault of his employers. He has had plenty of work, and has always been paid at a high figure; for many years he had from the *Illustrated News* alone £20 a week for his "Echoes." It is a scandal that the small sum annually set apart for the purposes of the Civil List Pension should be drawn upon by fortune's favourite, while really deserving cases go unheeded.

Hard upon the publication of Mr. Athol Mayhew's "A Jorum of *Punch*," comes the announcement that the "History of *Punch*," upon which Mr. H. H. Spielmann has been engaged for some years, will be ready for issue in the autumn. It may be noted, by the way, that the name of Mr. William Agnew, the present proprietor of *Punch*, occurred in the recent list of "resignation honours."

It is said that Mr. Walker, proprietor and editor of the American *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, has secured the autobiography of Prince Bismarck on condition that it is not to be published for ten years. It is well known that American editors have been coveting this work for long, and have been offering large sums for it. Mr. Walker is understood to be a man of great wealth, and he is using all his resources in the attempt to establish a ten cent. magazine in America.

Messrs. Dent & Co. have a volume on "Shakespeare and Music" nearly ready. It is from the pen of Mr. E. W. Naylor, a son, we believe, of the organist of York Minster. The book will be the first of a series of works on various sides of Shakespearean criticism promised by the publishers of the dainty "Temple" edition of the great dramatist. By the way, one of the latest literary treasures unearthed is an *editio princeps* of Shakespeare. It has been found, not inappropriately, in the University Library of Padua.

Mr. Edmund Gosse has an article in the last number of the *North American Review* on the alleged decay of our literature. He thinks that taste is rapidly declining, and complains of new authors and their success. He says that the public is always asking for "new writers," that a book can hardly fail to be accepted if a pledge is given that it is by a new writer, that the town is thronged by these celebrities of a moment, that their portraits appear in journals specially devoted to new authors, that they are eminent for the greater portion of a week, and that then the tide of their successors sweeps them on. The first book is received with extravagant laudation and false enthusiasm, while the second is received with contempt and inattention.

Mr. Gosse complains of the popularity of fiction. He says that such successes as those of Macaulay, Boswell, and Ruskin would be impossible nowadays. Let us have the Macaulays and the Boswells and the Ruskins and we shall see.

DETERMINED efforts are again being made to lower our pitch to the diapason normal. Mr. Robert Newman writes that it will be used at his forthcoming series of promenade concerts in the Queen's Hall, and it is also said that the Philharmonic Society will adopt it next year. I sincerely trust that these laudable intentions may be carried out, and that at last insular prejudice will give way to common sense.

## Depression in Art.

Art in the Yellow Leaf. GLADNESS, courage, and gaiety may have possessed the souls of artists who gave us the aggregates of coated canvas and paper now spread for our inspection on the walls of the summer picture shops, public as well as private; yet anything but exuberant spirits results from such inspection. There is so much intelligent painting too. Acquired skill shines unmistakably on every wall. Almost every picture tells of pictorial aptitude and carefully imparted knowledge. Knowledge of means to ends; knowledge of ends to be aimed at by the student; earnestness in teaching; docility in receiving instruction; these are all as plainly seen as possible wherever we look. Perhaps that is why the whole result falls on us. We are too tyrannously led from the picture to the surmise as to its author's master. There is too apparent a lack of original insight in this calmly ordered process by which every picture exhibits kindred with every other. We seldom depart far enough from Constable's noondays, or Corot's dawns to become inquisitive as to who taught those men or, indeed, whether they were taught at all. All their soul pulses visibly in deft effort and thoughtful struggle to tell by translation the still wonderful beauties of nature, and the kind of hesitancy in their speech seems more fit than the slickness of carefully taught mediocrity to round purposes like theirs into completion. Rumours that turn out on inquiry to be but too true, tell how never in living memory did skill, and reputation for skill, go for so little in bringing money in exchange for pictures as they do now. It would be too obtrusively Roman to say "I'm glad of it," and so one may put it more uncavalierly by saying "I am not altogether sorry." Why? Because this dulness and heaviness in picture sales indicate the end of a boom,—the booming of the intelligent amateur, of the slightly portioned daughter, and of the son without great expectations who took to art about twenty years ago because certain artists were able to turn out in a fortnight or so paintings that commanded £2,000. So, in the intelligent young persons rushed, took lessons from the greatest artists, and really learned to do some things almost as well as their teachers. Alas! the vogue of those teachers is going, has gone in some cases, and the public, fickle—or better-judging, views the work of the gifted amateur with ever-increasing coolness; and now the end seems on him. Common sense exclaims audibly, "back to the office—to the exchange in the city—this one in Piccadilly has nothing more to offer!" A second look at the Royal Academy does not remove the first impression of it being a larger Vokins, or McLean Art Gallery. I was induced to take this second pilgrimage by seeing a notice of some portraits written by a well-known critic in the July *Studio*. In quaint cadences he informs us of several things about those portraits which had escaped my earnest glance altogether. I went to correct and chasten myself, and cry *culpa mea* if needful. He said, this critic, that Richmond's "Lady Pembroke" had, among other good things, "a permanent and noble grace." When I first saw it, not guessing Mr. Richmond's hand, I thought it a very large figure, laboured so in the flesh as to have lost any lustre it might ever have had; and when I recall the lovely portraits, especially of children and women that I have often seen from that same pencil, I regret to have to stick to my first judgment. Sargent's "Graham Robertson," this critic says, is "unforgettably

vivid." It is so: he might have said unforgettably grotesque too. What most depressed me, before my second visit, was my remissness in having slipped past a picture by Shannon, said to evidence some qualities of Reynolds, and also of Gainsborough. I went to see this picture; I saw, and why Reynolds and Gainsborough alone were dragged in to give it the lustre of their names is mysterious. While the critic was doing this sort of thing he might as well have pointed out how strongly the picture was reminiscent of Rubens, Vanduyke, or even, say, the late Sir W. Ross! By the way, he may be congratulated on the neat compliment to the subject, in which every one may join. Says he: "picturesqueness, which Mr. Shannon knows so well how to bestow, he had but to record in his Academy picture." Bows and pleasant smiling, responsive all around! The reproductions that illustrate the *Studio* article look strangely like the fashionable photographs in shop windows,—Mrs. Talbot's arm (in the portrait by Lavery) has the peculiar out of drawing, out of joint look, so marked a feature in most "posed" photographs. The exception to all this is, of course, the graceful "Tales from the Jungle."

Let us leave the ancient Mother Burlington with her pictorial chickens under her wing. The Royal Institute is cheerful, coloury and breezy, with thoughts fresh gathered from vale and upland, sea and shore and inland, chattering streamlet and rushing torrent. Harry Hine has a batch of pleasing notes, most notably one—the upper one—in a frame of two, numbered 8. Percy Macquoid is clever, and even successfully droll in black and white drawings. The fun is broadest and most naïve in No. 13, which shows a scientific pioneer ready to demonstrate some mystery, when something goes wrong, and magnates, male and female, are put to indignant undignified flight by some scientific stuff being squirted in their faces. The last scene shows Science marshalled the way it is to go to the block, by a spearman in front, and prevented retreating by the headsman behind. I was ill at ease, and yet I smiled, so I infer this series must be funny; as I said, it is certainly clever. An old and valued acquaintance, J. Aumonier, has a set of fine colour notes, of which Venice from the Lido is the most glowing. Mr. Elgood's Mentone garden is pretty, but there are lovelier bits of the kind at home. Among Mr. Holloway's open air sketches the pastel of Chelsea, and Little Yarmouth Pier are very piquant, clear and harmonious. Thomas Pyne takes us into most countrified country, along by streams which can never be altogether sluggish while the memory of Constable's breezy skies is reflected in them. But perhaps our modern devotees in Suffolk are not such faithful lovers of its tamed wildness of leaf and branch as the miller's son was, else there would be less suspicion of the studio in certain portions of these charming sketches. Thomas Huson's collection is strongly reminiscent, not so much of Cox's work, as of the outside nature and spirit that produced the elder painter's work. Still, there is a lack of thoroughness here that never characterized Cox's hastiest drawings. Yet there is enough suggestion of the qualities we like best in the country to suppress any too hasty murmur. We must remember we cannot have everything under such conditions as open-air drawing. The stormy sunset is very fine, and in the spirit of Turner when at his simplest and truest. The stones in "Yr Eifl" give visions of many a cleansing shower and flood in light and night. William Hatherell and Frank Walton have the evidences of being in hearty touch with unso-



phisticated nature. F. G. Cotman is a little uninteresting compared with what he usually is, but he is mostly so unaffectedly beautiful in his transcripts, that we need not grudge him for once doing something for use, if not for our readiest applause. His Vesuvius has the virtue of looking—I was about to say human—let me say characteristic. Usually, as we see it, it is but paint and ill-concealed paper. Even those who are cold to the charms of flowers will recognise a beautiful skill in Miss Youngman's Crab Apple—May. Arthur Severn's lot is full of variety and rapid seizing of effect. The Sunset at Seascale is large in manner, and beautifully ominous. A Trout Stream, by Robert Garrick should make the gentle angler who sees it wistfully reckon up the days till holiday time. But the churlish critic cannot but observe that the figure in the scene does not go well enough with it. Yeend King is as clever as—as anything, but so unemotional. Whymper, 190 to 193, looks pretty: a little roughness and wrongness even, would be a relief. Claude Hayes appears at various points of the rooms, and always with nature's light, and breath, and motion. So with R. B. Nisbet, who notes down low-toned arrangements as spontaneously as Mozart set down his short haunting songlets. It is well to see that certain successes of his in which the pump lent strenuous help, have not led him into dependence on that useful instrument. Leslie Thompson's Rye is deeply satisfying, and in fact the three rooms have far more excellent work in them than a cursory notice can do justice to. One thing these sketch exhibitions prove, and that is the fine and precious quality of swiftly done drawings when the painter has knowledge and practice. In too many cases a finished drawing is an ended drawing, not done but done for, so difficult is it to keep the great value of the ground, when much colour is superimposed. A clear and transparent dark drawing is rare, and that I suppose is why many of our ablest water-colourists are more and more permitting themselves a certain imperfection and poverty of technique, as a cheap way of getting telling quality in the work as a whole.

## Calls on Celebrities.

### NO. 5. THE SIFFLEUR.

**H**OW often it is in this life that we map out a course for ourselves and never so much as take the first step in its direction. A fellow I once knew—he was the son of a Dean—used to declare that he would win the Derby some day, and even went so far as to adopt the slang of the stables, much to his reverend parent's horror, and to assume all the flippancy and swagger of the embryo jockey. That fellow is now on the shady side of thirty, weighs fourteen stone, and has never, to my knowledge, mounted a horse in his life.

A brother of mine laid himself out for a painter, and for that reason declined all elementary instruction in drawing and perspective at school, for fear it should destroy his naturalness and originality. To-day he is a banker's clerk, with no more art in his soul than he has money in his pocket.

Some months ago I made up my mind to take up the profession of a *siffleur*, or at least to develop the gift for whistling, which I undoubtedly possess. I shall probably never do either now, for reasons which will presently appear.

What gave me the idea in the first place was

the extraordinary furore created by a lady whistler whom I had the good fortune to listen to more than once. Wherever she appeared people flocked to hear her, and for the first time in their lives *prima donnas* met their match in the *belle siffleuse*.

She executed popular airs with astonishing volubility, and with an amount of florid embellishment which fairly fascinated me. I thought of nothing else when I had once heard her. Could I not do the same? Could I not by this means mount the ladder of fame, and fill my gaping pockets with easily-earned guineas?

That I had the necessary talent I was fully persuaded. My powers of whistling were well known. I had, as a boy, beaten all comers in the exercise of this particular accomplishment, and my shrill imitation of the engine-whistle was sufficiently realistic to arouse the railway officials themselves.

As luck would have it, about this time I met Mr. Gould Finch, who described himself as "an exponent of the art of sibilation." I determined to consult him as to the advisability of adopting his profession, and with a possible view of obtaining a few serviceable hints as to the necessary preparation for so desirable a career.

Mr. Finch was practising when I called on him. As I approached his room I could hear the sound of a duet between what, from its rich, mellow song, I recognised as a blackbird and the *siffleur* himself. The duet ceased as I entered, and I looked around for the bird. Mr. Finch understood, and soberly informed me that he kept his songsters locked up in a small box, to which he pointed. I was more mystified than ever, until he opened the lid of the box and disclosed—a *phonograph*!

"I can turn on any bird you like," he remarked, with an amused smile at my look of astonishment. "Thrush, blackbird, nightingale—I have got all their songs bottled up here."

"Except the *gold-finch*," said I.

The joke passed unnoticed.

"When I first took up whistling," proceeded the *siffleur*, "I confined my efforts chiefly to simple melodies, into which I threw as much feeling and expression as I was capable of, and people said it was very nice, but could be better done on a flute. Then I took to variations. 'Home, Sweet Home,' 'The Carnival of Venice,' and many other things I performed, ornamented with scales, turns, trills and so forth, until you couldn't tell one from the other."

"Did the people appreciate them?"

"Yes, until some audacious creature had the imbecility to produce the self-same embellishments upon a vulgar penny whistle."

"And now—?"

"I have determined to produce an absolute novelty, in the shape of a Pastoral Fantasia, composed by myself, in which the songs of the feathered tribe will be introduced. It is for the purpose of this Fantasia that I am taking lessons from the phonograph. Is it not a good idea?"

"Excellent."

"I have succeeded in imitating some birds' notes exactly. One evening I was doing a little warbling in my back garden, and the next day a paragraph appeared in the papers to the effect that the nightingale had already been heard in the neighbourhood—a startling announcement considering the month was February."

"Is your profession a profitable one?" It was a delicate, but under the circumstances, a desirable question.

Mr. Finch smiled. "Well, it's something to be able to get a living at all by whistling for it.

Don't you think so? Then there are are advantages of society."

"Society?"

"Yes. The star of the *siffleur* is in the ascendant, even in gilded circles, and the explorer and the tiger-hunter take back seats. I ought not to say so, perhaps, but I don't altogether despair of being Sir Gould Finch some day. Honour waits upon art, you know."

"Now," said I, coming boldly to the point to which I had been leading, "would you—er—do you think—I should do for a *siffleur*?"

He drew himself up to his full height, and looked at me critically.

"Can you whistle?" he asked.

I raised my head, clenched my fists, puffed my cheeks, took a mighty breath, and blew like Boreas—blew till my teeth rattled, and my eyes started from their sockets. The result was a whistle which I think fairly took Finch off his legs.

"Magnificent tone," he remarked presently.

"Magnificent tone, but badly produced. Why, my dear sir, a hurricane like that is enough to produce earthquake."

Holding up his hand by way of hinting that my performance need not be repeated, he cautiously came close to me and looked into my mouth.

"Ah!" he said, "it is as I expected. The instrument is at fault. These fore-teeth will never do. You must change them."

"But how on earth—?"

"A dentist, my dear sir, will manage it quite easily. The upper lip, too, requires a little hollowing out. I can introduce you to my own doctor, who is quite at home with such cases. As to the moustache—"

"The moustache?" I repeated, jumping up from my chair.

"You will part with that, of course," went on the *siffleur* quietly.

"Stay," I interrupted. "That is impossible."

"Impossible?"

"Absolutely. I can face a dentist and a whole army of surgeons if necessary, but a barber—never!"

Mr. Finch was annoyed, and made an uncomplimentary remark which I would rather not repeat.

"Listen," I said, "while I explain. There is a lady in the case, who vows she will never speak to me, never look at me, if I part with my one hirsute ornament. No, it's not a great deal to be proud of, I know, but it pleases her—"

"And you will sacrifice art to a woman's whim."

"I don't know what your experience of a 'woman's whim' has been, Mr. Finch," I answered gravely, "but *mine* has led me to think less lightly of it than you appear to do. There is really no choice in this matter."

"You can give *her* up."

"I beg your pardon. There are serious difficulties in the way."

"But she—"

"She is my wife, and would, I believe, decline to be given up."

The *siffleur* fastened upon me a look of intense commiseration, and was about to reply when a knock at the door, followed by the announcement of a lady visitor, put an end to our interview.

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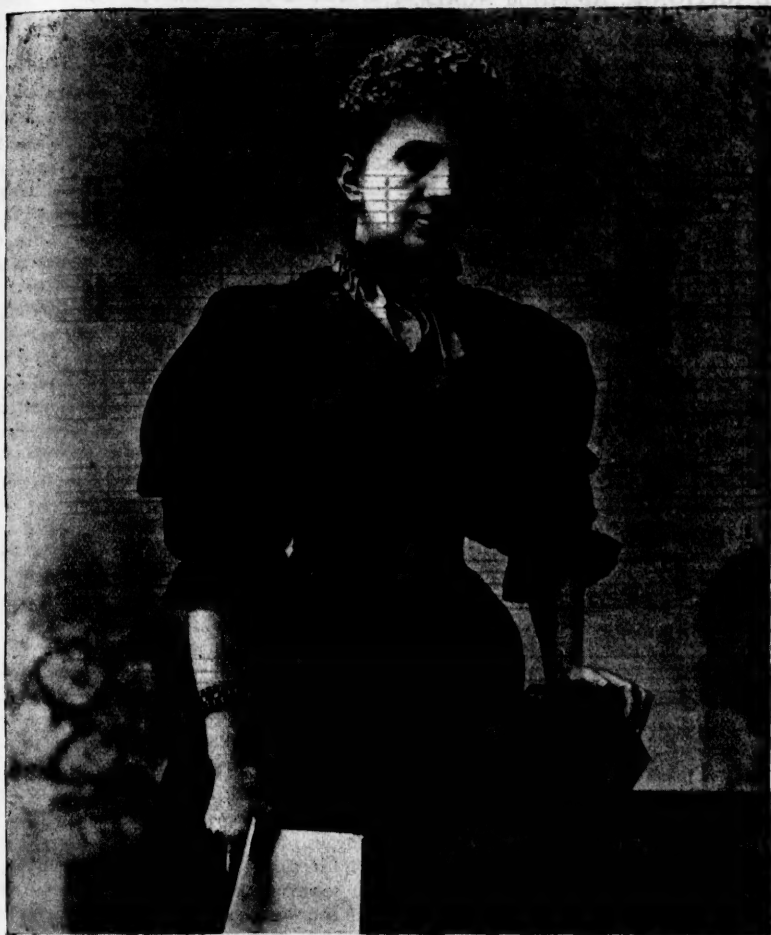
A month later the papers contained an account of the marriage of Mr. Gould Finch with a wealthy American lady, to which was added the intimation that the eminent *siffleur* had retired from his profession.

"And grown a moustache," added my wife, when I read the paragraph to her.

WALTER BARNETT.



## Of the Glorified Concertina.



LACHENAL'S EDEOPHONE—A NEW INSTRUMENT FOR WOMEN.

ALL those who visited the important show of musical paraphernalia last June at the Agricultural Hall will remember an interesting contingent of instruments of the concertina tribe, contributed by the long-established makers, Messrs. Lachenal & Co. I, too, visited the exhibition, and was interested, and finding myself some days later in the vicinity of the factory whence issues the work that has made the reputation of the firm, petitioned for a private view. Secrets I have no power to divulge; but for those who know little of the intricacies of an instrument which has long filled a very worthy position as a factor in spreading a taste for music and assisting in some fashion to a "concord of sweet sounds," it may be of value to gain an insight into the complicated structure of the *genus* concertina, its improvements, and its capabilities. The concertina, which many years ago won such *déclat* in the hands of Blagrove, and later of Rigondi, defeated its own success. The fact was, too much was expected of it at the outset, and its limitations, then so apparent, came as a disappointment. Nowadays it takes a very different place, and is really of more musical value, since the enormous improvements in it render it of use in the best possible sense, that is,—as a factor in the orchestra, where wood, wind, and even brass, are not to be had.

These improvements are now embodied in an instrument brought out two years ago under the title of "edeophone," some thirty specimens of which had caught my eye at the musical exhibition aforementioned. At my request Messrs.

Lachenal's representative brought out several of varying size, compass and tone-quality, and the difference between the new and the old type of concertina was at once patent. In outline the edeophone is 12-sided, and the form is not flat, but bowed out just where the fretwork and keys are placed, so that the tone is greatly increased. This and the general build of the instrument constitute the chief difference between it and the concertina; but there is one important addition, the bowing valves, which render smooth phrasing as possible as it is on the violin, and quite do away with that gasping, wheezing noise that of yore interrupted rather than assisted the legato, where the music was marked with a slur. Otherwise the fingering of the edeophone is exactly the same as that of its predecessors. The gain in varied *quality of tone* is marked, and is achieved by the difference of shape of the reeds and the general form and position of the "rose," or rather the fretwork; so that some instruments are of the wind class, others simulating string tone quality.

During the course of my visit I had the pleasure of meeting Signor Alsepi, the well-known concertina artist, whose ingenuity has evolved the bowing valves described. To say that he is familiar with his instrument is to be guilty of platitude, for he has played on concertinas of every sort and kind since a boy, worked originally with Rigondi, and, despite the sad affliction from which he suffers—loss of sight—has been heard both as soloist and orchestral player at many of our large London and provincial exhibitions. In his hands the edeophone finds justice, and becomes really a musical instrument.

It seems capable, indeed, of all that the violin can do, rapid bowing, slur, tied notes, crisp reiteration of one note, and the rest.

One of Messrs. Lachenal's finest instruments was a large edeophone of five octaves, capable of supplementing euphonium or oboe parts in an orchestra. Another, much smaller and more delicate, of four octaves, from the violin G, was built for drawing-room work, calculated for any music written for the violin, and weighs only a little over two lbs. Another, somewhat similar in size, was adapted to clarinet work, and was truly a work of art, with its exquisite frame of warm-tinted amboyna wood and keys of amber glass, in a handsome brown leather case. Nor were the ebony-framed and fretted instruments less beautiful, having again keys of aluminium and ivory. I must specially mention a large bass concertina of five octaves, which has for its starting point the 12-foot G, a note like that of an organ. Thereby, moreover, hangs a tale, for when the organist was missing at a recent City wedding, and it was found that he had gone for his holiday with the key of the church organ in his pocket, Signor Alsepi, summoned in hot haste by one of the wedding party, used the said instrument with such excellent effect in the Wedding March that the illusion was complete, and congratulations unanimous on the success of this impromptu voluntary. In the same way Messrs. Lachenal have a tenor concertina which is adapted to viola parts when required.

"There is a whole batch of concertinas waiting to be tuned," said my informant. "Those came from a concertina band in the country."

I looked surprised, which my guide evidently noticed, for he went on: "We supply a great many of these country bands, especially among the north country folk, who play all the military music usually given by brass bands, and play it well."

We passed through a door, and my respect for the concertina, which had been steadily growing since my arrival, culminated when I learnt that no less than 263 separate operations go to the making of a single instrument, each of which contains no less than 2,000 odd separate pieces. Here at one end of a long, low-roofed building was a cardboard bellows cutter fed by a workman; at another was a machine turning out exquisitely fine screws in immense numbers; there was a workman cutting the complicated wooden frames, here another fashioning the ivory keys, while a girl's delicate fingers shaped and cut the brass reeds with incredible swiftness. In an upper room lay the wood, the tree itself, and round us and above long stacks of six and twelve-sided wooden plates left to season. Next door the clever fingers of women were binding the cardboard bellows with leather, and in every corner was ceaseless hum and industry. Knowledge humbles inevitably, and as I left the home of the concertina and drove westward, I felt that the phoenix edeophone had at last removed the reproach that once barred the path of its progenitor.

A. M. R.

HUMPERDINCK'S *Märchenoper Hänsel und Gretel*, which has been translated into French by M. Catulle Mendès, is expected to be performed at Paris during the next winter season.

THE gifted baritone Herr Gura has received notice from the authorities of the Munich Hoftheater that his services will not be required after the present year, on the pretext that he is no longer in his first youth. But he feels that his vocal powers are not yet exhausted, and he intends to devote himself mainly to the concert platform.



→\* "English Minstrelsie." \*←

—:o:—  
THE NATIONAL ANTHEM AGAIN.

*A Loyal Song. Sung at both Theatres.*  
for two Voices.

God save Great *George* our King, Long live our noble King, God save the King.

God save Great *George* our King, Long live our noble King, God save the King.

Send him Vic-tor-ious, happy and Glo-ri-ous, Long to reign

Send him Vic-tor-ious, happy and Glo-ri-ous, Long to reign

o-ver us, God save the King.

o-ver us, God save the King.

2

O Lord our God arise,  
Scatter his Enemies,  
And make them fall:  
Confound their Politicks,  
Frustrate their Knavish Tricks,  
On him our Hopes we fix,  
God save us all.

3

Thy Choiceft gifts in Store  
On GEORGE be pleas'd to pour  
Long may he reign  
May he defend our Laws  
And ever give us Cause  
With Heart and Voice to Sing  
God save the King.

4

O grant that Marshal WADE  
May by thy mighty Aid  
Victory bring  
May he Sedition hush  
And like a Torrent Rush  
Rebellious Scots to crush  
God save the King.

For the  
FLUTE

**M**R. BARING-GOULD is dissatisfied with existing collections of English national song, and accordingly he has begun to make one of his own. He allows Mr. Chappell the highest honour for his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, but that work is only a monument erected over the corpses of dead melodies: it in no way represents the living music of the English people. Mr. Hatton, again, in his *Songs of England*, derived exclusively from printed sources, and only 46 of his 200 melodies are not by well-

known composers. Mr. Baring-Gould starts with a very different aim from that of his predecessors. He wants to make "a national monument of English song"; and so, as he remarks, it seems only just that in such a work the music of all classes should be included—that it should not confine itself to such songs as have been written for the harpsichord and the piano by skilled musicians, but should include also the lark and thrush and blackbird song of the ploughman, the thrasher, and the milkmaid; that it should give songs as dear to their hearts

as are "Cherry Ripe," "The Wolf," and "Love's Ritornella" to the gentlemen and ladies in the drawing-room. Judging from the first volume of *English Minstrelsie* now before us, the editor will have every reason to congratulate himself when he has reached the end of his labours. The historical introduction and the notes to the songs are specially valuable; and the illustrations of early musical instruments, minstrels, old copperplate music, portraits of English composers, etc., add greatly to the interest of the text. The melodies are given in both notations,



and the symphonies and accompaniments are at once musicianly and in keeping with the style of the time which they are meant to illustrate.

We may take occasion to deal with this monumental work of Mr. Baring-Gould's in further detail when subsequent volumes have appeared. Meantime, let us see what the editor has to say about "God save the Queen," which naturally leads off the collection. Everybody knows that the origin of the National Anthem has furnished an imperishable bone of contention to musical antiquaries for the last hundred years and more. Mr. Baring-Gould's notes will very likely revive the discussion. The anthem dates from about 1742, when it appeared, without name of author or composer, in a collection of part songs called *Harmonia Anglicana*. Before Mr. Chappell discovered this version the earliest known was that printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for October, 1745. In this same year it was published on half-sheet broadside as "A Loyal Song, sung at both Theatres." An exact facsimile of this we are enabled to give to our readers through the courtesy of Messrs. Jack, of Edinburgh, the publishers of *English Minstrelsie*. The hymn sprang at once into popularity, evoked immense enthusiasm, and became a great song of the Whigs.

The tune, as we know, consists of two strains, of which the first has six measures, in groups of two, and the second eight, also in groups of two; and as this is a form of tune special to the Galliard, a lively dance in triple time, Mr. Baring-Gould thinks it almost certainly leads to the conclusion that the hymn was composed to an already familiar Galliard. Now there was such a Galliard, a composition of Dr. John Bull, transcribed in 1622, but not in the modern major key. The MS. containing this Galliard belonged to Dr. Pepusch, and Mr. Baring-Gould suggests the probability of Henry Carey—a contributor to *Harmonia Anglicana*—having borrowed the book and altered Bull's tune to the form it now wears. Carey never himself laid claim to the composition, but the claim was made for him by his son after his death. Dr. Harrington in a letter to the younger Carey said: "Mr. Smith [Handel's amanuensis] has often told me that your father came to him with the words and music, desiring him to correct the bass, which was not proper; and, at your father's request, Mr. Smith wrote another bass in correct harmony." Carey was a voluminous song-writer of the day, and Smith would naturally assume the melody to be his, but he does not say that Carey told him so. In 1814 Richard Clark, deputy organist at Westminster Abbey, and then at the Chapels Royal, published a collection, in which he gave an account of the National Anthem, and attempted to prove that it was Carey's. His statements were contradicted, and then he went on another scent. Ultimately he produced three tunes from MS. collections, and showed how that the identical melody of "God save the King" existed in the reign of Charles I., and was composed by Bull.

But Clark did not treat his authorities legitimately. He added sharps to notes in Bull's MS. so as to make the resemblance close where it did not exist as the air stood. Mr. Chappell says: "When Clark played the 'ayre' to me, with the book before him, I thought it to be the original of the National Anthem; but afterwards, taking the MS. into my own hands, I was convinced that it had been tampered with, and the resemblance strengthened, the sharps being in ink of a much darker colour than other parts. The additions are very perceptible, in spite of Clark's having covered the face of that portion with varnish." Unfortunately the MS. originally in Clark's hands has disappeared and cannot be traced.

Mr. Baring-Gould's view of the case is that Bull's Galliard is really the foundation of the National Anthem, and that the air got modified into the modern scale in the mouths of the people, who were getting unused to the old minor mode and had a fancy for the new major. Then Carey shaped it, with the assistance of Smith, into the form by which it has since been generally known. The most that can be said of this view is that it is not improbable. Bull's Galliard may have supplied the basis on which the tune was founded. In the case of an adaptation the difference of the mode is of small importance; while the Bull melody is almost identical with that of "God save the King," and the really essential element, the peculiar rhythm, is present. But Mr. Baring-Gould leaves us pretty much where we were.

## The Annals of the Three Choirs.\*

A COMPLETED record of the proceedings at the long-celebrated meetings of the three choirs of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester, must be of considerable value as well as interest to musicians and to the great and ever-increasing body of amateurs. Owing to restrictions of copyright, it has only this year been possible to publish such a record, or at any rate to complete the record begun by the Rev. D. Lysons and carried on by Mr. Arnott up to the year 1864. The new work, which makes a large octavo of close upon 350 pages, has been admirably edited and brought up to date by Mr. Lee Williams, the organist of Gloucester Cathedral, and Mr. H. Godwin Chance. It contains some capital illustrations and portraits of composers and artists, and is in every way a credit to Gloucester, which has produced it. The only mistake the editors have made is in not working up Dr. Rimbault's foot-notes into the text. Dr. Rimbault is a somewhat dull fellow at the best, and it is a nuisance to have him trip us up some three or four times on every page merely to tell us that So-and-so was born or died on such a date. Moreover, his notes are frequently anticipated by the text itself, in which cases they are perfectly redundant.

The festivals of the three choirs are somewhat different affairs nowadays from what they were a hundred years ago. The morning and evening services at the cathedral used to be supplemented by a secular concert in some public building of the city; and it is somewhat curious to find that before oratorios were performed in the cathedrals they were intimately associated with secular music. Thus at Gloucester in 1775, *Israel in Egypt* was sung at the first evening's concert, and between the first and second parts there were secular songs and instrumental pieces by the artists. In 1776 the same work was "filled out" with violin solos and an oboe concerto by that same Mr. Fischer who, being asked at an invitation supper one evening if he had brought his oboe, replied, "My oboe never sups." Gloucester would be shocked at such an impropriety in these days, but it was not quite so bad as the old London habit of introducing "Auld Robin Gray" in *The Messiah* and an oboe

\* Origin and Progress of the Meeting of the Three Choirs of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford. (Gloucester: Chance and Bland, 1895.)

concerto between the "Hallelujah" and "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

In the case of the three choirs' festivals the present record shows a slow but certain tendency towards the entire elimination of secular music from the programmes. Of course the reason for this is obvious. Those in authority feel that the great attraction of the festivals lies in the fact that they are held in the cathedral itself, where the surroundings enhance to quite an indescribable extent the effect of the music. Perhaps also the fact that in neither of the three cities is there a public hall that can seat a festival audience of say 1,000 people, whereas Gloucester Cathedral can seat, and has seated, a congregation of 4,000, has influenced the officials in increasing the number of services held in the sacred buildings. It would, however, be a pity, as the present editors remark, to abolish the one remaining secular concert during the festival week. Many reasons occur to those who are accustomed to feel the musical pulse of festival audiences. The change from grave to gay is welcome to most people; and good-natured individuals are glad of a chance of applauding their favourite singer and composer. Oratorios and sacred cantatas do not, after all, make the sum total of music, and it would be foolish to take any step that might savour of favouring sacred to the exclusion of secular music.

## How to Practise.

"WHEN THOU SINGEST."

This is an English version of Gounod's Serenade "Quand tu Chantes," a favourite song of many of our leading singers. It requires considerable breadth of phrasing, and a smooth, easy style of delivery. I have often heard this song completely spoiled by a faulty management of the breath, the phrases being either awkwardly broken up, or the last note of each phrase gasped out in a manner as pitiable to listen to as it must have been distressing to the singer. Begin rather softly, reserving plenty of breath for the long notes, which must be held over the bar. On the sustained "Ah!" you may be allowed to make a *crescendo*, dropping back, however, to *piano* again immediately. Sing the semi-quavers on the first syllable of the word "fairest" clearly and quite evenly; and two bars later increase the tone to *forte* at the word "on," followed by a *diminuendo* to the end of the phrase. Finish the verse smoothly, without any attempt at "special effects."

The third verse ends rather differently from the first and second, but the foregoing remarks apply equally to all. There should be no attempt at declamation. The smooth flow of the melody must be undisturbed to the end of the piece. Only the other day I heard the finish of this song rendered thus,—



Avoid inartistic and vulgar methods such as that. If you must indulge in a little *rallentando*, let it begin on the second syllable of the final "evermore," and do not make a big pause on the penultimate.



## The Professor's Note Book.

**How to Study a Song.** A GREAT singer, unhappily no longer with us, gave me the following rules for studying a song, which, if not altogether new, will be at least reliable and interesting to young vocalists: "When a song has been selected, the first thing to do is to thoroughly acquaint one's self with the words. Read them through aloud, somewhat slowly, observing strictly the punctuation, and making clear the meaning and general sense of the poetry. Let the enunciation be also clear and distinct, taking care that the syllables do not run into each other, as they often do in ordinary conversation. After this, make a point of plainly marking every breathing place. These will, of course, depend upon the construction of the sentences, and should correspond as far as possible with the punctuation. When this has been done, turn your attention to the melody. Sing it without accompaniment and without words, till you have mastered every point. Do not let a single detail escape you. Look after *dotted notes, rests* at the end of lines, and so on. A capable composer (and you should never sing the works of any other) writes nothing, not even the most insignificant sign, without reason; and the successful rendering of a good song will entirely depend upon the conscientious way in which the meaning of poetry and music is carried out. Finally, do not attempt too much of what is called 'expression.' Follow the composer's directions in this respect implicitly, and, unless the words or melody actually demand it, add nothing to them."

**Finger Gymnastics.** "Do you believe in mechanical helps to pianoforte-playing?" This is a question which is now being frequently asked, but is not so often answered satisfactorily. To tell the truth, there is so much difference of opinion upon the matter amongst those capable of forming a judgment, that one must rely entirely upon one's experience for a correct estimate of finger gymnastics and other similar devices. Miss Fanny Davies has lately declared that they should be strenuously avoided, and in this opinion she is supported by many other eminent pianists, among whom may be mentioned her illustrious teacher, Madame Schumann. The story of Robert Schumann crippling his left hand by the use of an apparatus of his own invention is well known, as is his denunciation of all such appliances in those admirable "Rules of Life and Conduct" which he laid down for the guidance of musical students. On the other hand, those who have declared in favour of finger gymnastics of some kind or other include Madame Arabella Goddard, Sir Jules Benedict, John Hullah, Lindsay Sloper, and many other authorities of the past and present; and there can be no doubt that the prejudice which so long existed against any such extraneous helps to proficiency in fingering is gradually but surely disappearing.

**Teaching of Experience.** My own experience of mechanical manual exercise has not, I am bound to say, impressed me very favourably, and I am not yet convinced that practice upon any dumb instrument can take the place of real pianoforte study. If "touch" were a mechanical thing purely and simply, it would be another matter, but it seems to me that the only reliable way of testing one's touch is by the musical effect it produces. This being the case, what is there to prevent the touch becoming hard and lifeless, if the ear be not allowed to play school-

master to the hand? As a means of freeing certain muscles, finger gymnastics might possibly be of some service, but wherever a musical instrument is within reach, the student will do well to avail himself of it, rather than run the risk of wasting his time by strumming on the table, or cutting mysterious capers with his hands.

**Chord-playing.** I should like to say a word or two about chord-playing, respecting which there seems to be considerable misunderstanding amongst young, and I may safely add, old pianists. How seldom is it we hear good, firm, solid chords, even from players of repute. The expression of strength, energy and determination which great chords are supposed to convey, is lost by the feeble, half-hearted manner in which they are played. The reason for this is that the keys are not struck from a sufficient height. "The fingers," as Ernst Pauer says, "ought in this case to be regarded as hammers," and they should fall vertically from a considerable altitude, with a sharp, sudden force.

**Use of the Arm.** To produce the ringing, vibrating quality which a solid chord should possess involves the use of the arm as well as the hand. Here is the difficulty. All the old laws of pianoforte-playing, which insist so strongly upon the use of fingers and wrist, to the utter exclusion of any assistance from other parts of the body, have to be violated. Rubenstein, whose magnificent tone was a source of wonder to all who listened to him, did not hesitate to use the whole strength of his hand and arm in playing passages of solid chords, striking with mighty force from the shoulder, and sometimes almost seeming to bring his whole body down with his hand. The fact must not be lost sight of that the pianoforte has in recent years undergone great developments, and has become, in powerful hands, capable of a much larger range of effect than was formerly dreamt of. For the production of these effects it is not surprising that fresh means have to be resorted to, and the pianist who would make the best and highest use of his now almost perfect instrument must not shrink from employing those means, even though they involve a departure from the strict letter of accepted law.

**To Young Organists.** Many readers of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC are young organists, and will sympathise with a pupil of mine who has just commenced his public career as organist of a beautiful little church away down in the south of England. In a letter written to me he says, "I don't know what to do with my small organ. It has two manuals, and twelve stops, besides couplers—one reed stop (*oboe*) and one two-foot stop. It is simply impossible to attempt to produce variety from an instrument like that." I remember the time distinctly when I myself was in exactly the same position as this young man. I wrote to my dear old master, a well-known cathedral organist, who in his reply made the following encouraging remarks:—"I am inclined to think that it is a good thing for a young organist to commence with a small organ. It will, at least, teach him three useful lessons: (1) To make good use of the diapasons, which are the glory of the organ. (2) To give his attention to solid music which can generally be played upon a smaller instrument, instead of wasting his time upon tricky pieces which depend for their effect upon an endless variety of stops and a constant change of manuals. (3) To avoid so-called 'descriptive' and 'picturesque' accompaniments."

## An Important New Composition.

WE have much pleasure in giving our readers a short account of Mr. David Stephen's new Quintett in D minor for Piano, Oboe, Clarinet, Horn, and Bassoon.

The composer is well known in the north as a teacher, accompanist, and as a generally well-informed musician. Some little time ago mention was made in these pages of Mr. Stephen's "Suite for Orchestra," which gained for him the well-deserved praise of those able to judge. This quintett is his next big work, and is in our opinion stamped with merit and talent. We heartily recommend givers of Chamber Music Concerts to glance at this notice, so that they may be able to judge for themselves whether or no this work should be included in some of their programmes this coming winter. The market for such works in this country is so very circumscribed that those who can aid the writer of a quintett ought most certainly to do so.

Opening with a short Adagio—a purely introductory movement—we hear the following phrase, which colours this section, given out by the clarinet:—



The next movement, an Allegro con Spirito, is based upon the following principal subject:—

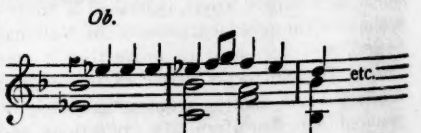
*Piano.*



which is followed by a secondary subject of equal beauty which is afterwards made use of in the "working-out section."

The second principal subject, heard first in F major, is also very neat, and is as follows:—

*Clar.*



Occurring in recapitulation in the tonic major. The exposition closes in F major, and after repetition the "working out" begins. The principal subjects are treated in divers ways, and the whole section breathes life and gaiety. One's attention is caught and held, which is a point not always successfully managed by composers of similar classic works. The following two examples are specimens of how the principal subjects are treated—

*A. Piano.*



*Piano.*



Horn.

B. Piano

Wind.

Piano.

The Andante—the best movement so far as the wind instruments are concerned—is reposeful in character and delightfully melodious. After the brilliant Allegro, which would have pleased “Papa Haydn,” this peaceful episode stands out well. The two principal subjects harmonize extremely well. Of the “working-out,” so replete with ingeniously conceived solo passages, the listener has only one regret to express, and that is, its brevity. The subjects are as follows—

## 1. Clar.

## 2. Horn.

This latter subject is repeated by the Bassoon in B flat major.

The Scherzo in D minor is very short. The trios—for there are two—in D major and B flat major respectively, contrast well with each other, and also with the Scherzo. The second trio is in the form of a canon—two in one in the fifth, between oboe and clarinet.

The finale is an Allegro non troppo, and is a most spirited and satisfactory close to a work which does Mr. Stephen every credit. The two principal subjects are—

## 1. Clarinet.

## 2. Wind.

They are, as indeed all the themes are, fresh and interesting, and are handled in a musicianly style. Of course it is impossible to mention

half the good “points” in the work, as there are numberless beauties of idea, construction, and treatment in every page. Enough has been said to show the outline of the work and to whet the curiosity of those whose musical education is sufficiently advanced to allow them to enjoy an example of one of the most beautiful forms in the realm of music. This quintet will repay careful study, and is, in our opinion, a proof of Mr. Stephen's quality of workmanship which will bear the most severe tests.

S. F. H.

## How to Practise.

MENDELSSOHN'S “LEIDER OHNE WORTE.”  
No. 30.

THIS delightful song is generally known as the Frühlingslied (Spring Song), although it is extremely doubtful whether it was so named by the composer. A definite idea of the character of the piece will, however, materially help us in our performance of it, and for this reason the title may serve a useful purpose. Spring is associated with all that is bright and joyous, and this little piece, with its dainty melody and tripping accompaniment, should readily remind us of budding flowers and the sweet song of birds.

Like most of Mendelssohn's “Lieder,” this Frühlingslied requires careful and delicate playing. It must not be taken at too rapid a pace. Many people, in their desire to give it its light, airy character, race through it at helter-skelter speed, thereby robbing it of much of its grace and beauty. Play it steadily, and in strict time throughout. Mendelssohn had a profound dislike for too many *rallentandos* and *ritardandos*, and it is very evident that he intended this song to end as brightly and as airily as it begins.

There will be no difficulty in distinguishing the melody. Play it over by itself, with strict attention to fingering and phrasing (the one is governed by the other); this will help you to give it proper expression. Do not forget the melody must “sing.” The “singing” touch has been so often described that I need only add a few words from the pen of a very clever teacher upon the subject: “The ear must teach us which way of pressing a note produces the particular tone required; and attentive observation of the performances of the greatest players can alone educate the ear on this point.”

Observe in the melody of the Frühlingslied that the finger is generally lifted after the first quaver in the bar, the slur beginning on the second quaver. The left-hand part requires very delicate treatment. Let the octaves at the beginning of each bar, as well as the arpeggio chords, be as short as possible, and so lightly played as not to interfere with the even flow of the melody. This also applies as a matter of course to the chords in the right hand, which occur on the second half of the first beat. Do not use the sustaining pedal until directed to do so in the last four bars, which consist of a series of tonic chords in different positions played as softly and lightly as possible.

FROM “HAPPY CHILDHOOD.” No. 1.

Franz Leideritz's “Cradle Song,” like the rest of this series of juvenile pieces, is a charming little composition, and will amply repay the young pianist for whatever trouble he or she may take in its preparation. As its title indicates, it must be played smoothly and dreamily, the murmuring accompaniment in the bass being strictly in keeping with the character of the melody. Although, like every other piece,

the “Cradle Song” must be practised slowly at first, the pace at which it should be ultimately played is rather quick, as indicated by the metronome number. The right-hand part must be played in the *cantabile* style; i.e. the tone must be produced by *pressing*, not *striking*, the keys. This pressure, though firm and decided, must not be made with a stiff finger, or the tone will be hard and disagreeable. Where double notes occur, great care must be taken to raise the two fingers employed to an equal height, and to touch their respective notes at the same instant. The habit of touching one note just before the other, although a very common one in such cases, must be carefully guarded against. The quiet, subdued tone of the accompaniment will be provided for by gently moving the keys downwards, with little or no actual pressure. One or two points, in the left-hand part call for special attention. Give every note its full value, observing that in many bars, where the first note of each beat has a double stem, it makes complete harmony with the theme. Observe the tied notes in the first and similar bars.

The gradual *crescendo*, commencing at bar 26 and culminating upon the *sf* in bar 29, should be carefully worked up, and the following five bars, a very effective passage, must be made the most of. Be sure to commence the *ritardando* on bar 31. The other expression marks and directions will be very useful. As in Mendelssohn's “Frühlingslied,” the tonic harmony which runs through the final bars of the piece is sustained by means of the pedal. Although technically simple, artistic feeling and finish are indispensable to an adequate performance of this beautiful little “Cradle Song.”

## “SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE.”

This arrangement of an old English glee will be found acceptable as an exercise in playing *legato* chords. Be sure to strike all the notes of a chord at once. Many people would perform a piece like this as if it were an *arpeggio* study; but, unless indicated by the composer, such playing is highly objectionable. *Legato* chord-playing, although difficult for very small hands, is extremely useful practice. Look through this piece, and you will see that the notes do not always move together. The chief difficulty, therefore, will be to give each note its proper value. This can only be accomplished by keeping the “parts” distinct, and taking care that the proper number of notes is always in use. The fingering of this piece will be an obstacle to young players, and some assistance in this particular is desirable. As no marks of expression are given, I would suggest that the piece be played rather softly throughout, and as smoothly as possible.

## SCHUMANN'S “VALE ALLEMANDE.”

There is not much to be said about this bright little valse. Play the staccato octaves in bars 9, 10, 11, with a perfectly free wrist; and put plenty of power and force into the last three bars, playing the chords distinctly, firmly, and solidly. Considerable practice will be necessary to carry out this final instruction.

M. ALFRED BRUNEAU is at work on another opera based on a subject furnished by M. Zola. The second act is said to be already finished.

THE Waterton collection of works on the *De Imitatione Christi* has been bought by Dr. Copinger, of Manchester. It consists of six MSS. and over two hundred and fifty printed editions (in various languages) of this celebrated devotional work, including the *editio princeps*, the first edition with a date, and several other of the earliest Latin editions, the first Italian edition, the first German editions, and early Dutch, Flemish, and English editions.



## A Christmas Day in a Great Com- poser's Life.

A STORY OF 1804.

It was Christmas morning in the ancient city of Breslau. Winter had decked the old-fashioned streets in a mantle of spotless snow, which a cold wind was sweeping into the crannies of gables and window-casements. But the sun was shining down brightly upon the stately pile of the Church of the Holy Cross, and offering a bright Christmas welcome to the Catholic worshippers who were just entering at the great door. Beggars were plying a brisk trade outside the sacred edifice, and consoling themselves for their benumbed fingers and frost-bitten toes by the thought of the coming Christmas carnival which the offerings of the devout were thoughtfully preparing for them.\* Amongst the ragged crew was one who begged with fervour, and yet found leisure to scan every fur-muffled church-goer who went up the steps of the portal. Ever and anon one hand would find its way restlessly to a pocket—the only part of his costume which was not ragged—as if to assure himself of the safety of some possession. Presently he clasped his pocket tighter as a young lady, of, it might be, eighteen or even less, tripped briskly past him, dropping, as she passed, a coin into his outstretched palm. Scarcely had she gone in, when a young man, only slightly older than the lady, came by, with the elastic step which youth and an easterly wind produce. His face could scarcely be seen, as it was half-enveloped in the high collar of his fur-lined cloak. But the eyes were bright with hope, and the look which he flung round him at the beggar full of sympathy and humanity. The latter scanned the form and face as narrowly as he could, but seemed still in doubt. The doubt was apparently removed as he felt the familiar and pleasant contact of a small silver coin.

Scarce another moment did the beggar youth stay, but, slinking backwards, he presently turned down a side street, and then fled as if for dear life, or urged by the expectation of some reward. Perhaps the hope of the recompense would have been less buoyant had he waited for five minutes longer at the great church door. For presently another man, also young and fur-clad, and with eyes and step and figure that differed in nothing from those of the beggar's client, came by, and, like his prototype, passed inside the church.

But the resemblance, in reality, ended here, for whilst the former was destined to carve a niche for himself in the great temple of Fame, and had already placed himself in a favourable position to commence chipping, the latter never entered the great temple, wherein are graven the names of the illustrious dead. The former was none other than the newly-appointed Kapellmeister of the theatre, about whom Breslau had already begun to wrangle, and who had been elected in preference even to Herr Schnabel.

Weber's new post was, indeed, not all sweets, though others had coveted it. A factious opposition, headed by the disappointed candidate, was already doing its best to mix the bitter with the sweet. This very morning the Kapellmeister had experienced the effect of their jealousy. He had hoped to signalize his first

Christmas at Breslau by a production which should silence the voice of envy, and heap confusion on his enemies. Everything had been carefully arranged; the rehearsals had been satisfactory, and all had gone well up to this very morning. This morning early he had learnt that his principal violinist, upon whom his reliance had been placed, had failed him. Indisposition was the plea, but the Kapellmeister, young as he was, had seen sufficient of the world to suspect the machinations of Schnabel and the opposition. It was now too late to hope to find a competent substitute, and nothing was left for him but the mortification of rearranging, and the probability of failure. It was not alone for himself that he cared, but also for his old father, to whom, as yet, he had not dared to communicate the news which dealt such a blow to their cherished plans. To delay explaining, and to give himself courage, he had come out earlier than was his wont, and had mingled with the worshippers who were thronging into the Church of the Holy Cross. The crisp morning, the happy faces everywhere round him this Christmas Day, the pealing of the church bells, the sense of health, had gradually shaken his depression out of him, and he was already devising ways and means of future success.

He passed into the church, and took the first vacant seat he espied. Seated next to him was a lady, whose face first caught and then rivetted his attention. Her kneeling form was full of grace, whilst her lips betrayed a delicately rounded mouth. The pose of her head revealed the pride of gentle birth and of innate goodness. But presently, as she rose, her eyes rested for one moment upon his, and he perceived that they were suffused with tears. Sorrow was painted on her beautiful face. It was the only opportunity he had, however, of observing her closely, for the fair stranger's attention was given only to her devotions. The Kapellmeister's heart was young, and after the glimpse he had caught of beauty in tears, it beat somewhat more quickly than was its habit. The dignity of office and the weight of after-fame sat as yet but lightly upon him.

The service ended, the crowd of worshippers pressed towards the doors; yet in the crush the musician retained his place beside the girl. Two eyes were watching the couple keenly near at hand, and the ragged beggar had wedged himself in so closely behind them, that he might well have picked their pockets had he chosen. But such seemed to be far from his intention. Another moment, and the three were separated, but not before the Kapellmeister had felt a note pushed into his hand. He looked round him, but perceived nobody whom he might suppose to be thus favouring him with a private correspondence. So he placed the note in his pocket, abstractedly gazing at the young lady, who was already well out of the church, and was, with the elderly lady who accompanied her, now wending her way across the square.

As soon as he found himself alone, the young Kapellmeister read the note which had been mysteriously slipped into his hand. It ran as follows:—

FROM THE SOOTHSAYER ARTEMIDORUS GREETING,  
EVEN FROM THE PRINCE OF THE STARS.

In the tent of the mystic seer has the junction of the stars been interpreted. The time is favourable for the reading of thy future. She whose fate is woven with thine own has consulted me. She will be by. Warn the future, or miss the tide of thy fortune for ever. At dusk, at the hour of five, ere the hour strike,

this 25th day of the last month of the Calendar, thy fate will lie unsealed.

For a moment the musician was puzzled. Then he remembered that just outside the city walls one Artemidorus, calling himself a magician and a soothsayer, had set up a tent. The city had been rocking to him and crossing his palm with coin; soldiers anxious to know whether their life was to be as short as it was merry went boldly, and returned with blanched faces; maidens, whose lovers had either deserted them, or, worse still, had not yet appeared at all, came timidly at nightfall; men of business, eager to find some easy road to wealth; pale-faced students itching to learn a royal path to learning and a doctor's diploma; sober matrons bent with domestic cares. Some in sport, others in earnest. Some had returned with light hearts and lighter purses; others with purses untied and faces pale. None confessed belief, but many avoided the subject. In the midst of his novel duties the Kapellmeister had given no thought to the soothsayer or his dupes, save to listen to some passing witticism at the expense of the Prince of the Stars. But the mysterious note promised something more interesting than Artemidorus. A lady was mentioned, and a wild thought flitted across his brain that the lady in the letter might perhaps be his recent neighbour, whose large lustrous eyes had moved his soul so deeply. It was as likely to be she as any other particular lady in Breslau. But at any rate the letter offered him distraction, amusement probably,—perhaps an adventure. It mentioned his destiny. Then the thought of the missing violinist came back to him, and he would have given much to have held a magician's wand for a few minutes over the head of Schnabel, whose soured expression and jeering look of triumph seemed to meet him on either hand.

The next few hours were very fully occupied with the rearrangements necessary at the theatre, but these at best were of a make-shift character. At last, and well before the time mentioned in the magician's letter, the Kapellmeister was free. He had done all that could be done, since there was no substitute forthcoming. Mortified and disappointed though he was, it was well that chance had given him an opportunity of diverting his thoughts. He had as yet told his father nothing, knowing how keen the old man's grief would be.

At a few minutes before five the Kapellmeister found himself in the neighbourhood of the magician's tent, and anticipating with some curiosity the scene with the soothsayer and the lady. As he approached the tent there issued from it, in evident expectation of his arrival, the beggar-lad on whom he had bestowed an alms in the morning; but even had Weber observed him closely, he would probably have wholly failed to recognise in the fantastically-attired page the ragged mendicant of the morning. The one point of similarity, indeed, were the numerous genuflections and curtsies, which fitted alike the beggar and the page. With a grandiloquent bow, which would have graced a courtier, the page ushered the Kapellmeister into a compartment of the tent. A string of directions followed, uttered with a volubility attained only by constant practice.

"With bowed head, and face covered with yonder mask, must thou, O Suppliant, enter the Master's presence. Speak not, lest thou break the spell. Raise not thy eyes, save at the seer's command. Look when bidden into the mirror of the future. Lay bare thy heart. Rid it of prejudice, and learn as a child what is written concerning thy future in the Book of the Fates. Be patient, obey, and thou shalt learn all. Stint



not of the offering which thou putteth into yonder chest, for though the seer needeth not thy gold, yet requires he of thee this proof of thy sincerity. Prepare; the hour will soon strike, and ere it has struck thou wilt have seen the picture of thy future. Prepare to enter the presence-chamber of the Prince of the Stars."

The Kapellmeister dropped such coins as he could afford into the box, and donned the mask which the boy offered him, and then fastened it securely behind. It came down to the collar of his coat, and hid his face completely, all save his eyes.

"Lower thy eyes and follow me," said the page, and, lifting the curtain which divided the tent, preceded Weber into the neighbouring apartment.

"Kneel here," said the page, "and raise not thy eyes until thou art commanded."

The Kapellmeister, more amused than annoyed at the mummery, complied. Although he did not raise his eyes, he was conscious that the room was dark, save only that in the middle of the compartment a brazier diffused a red glow. All was silent, but presently he detected the slight rustle of some sweeping garment, and perceived that he was not alone.

"Lady," said a sepulchral voice, "thou dost petition the seer to reveal to ye twain the future and what lies hidden behind the veil of the unknown. To-day at the Church of the Holy Cross my message was delivered to thee, and thou hast shown thy obedience. The mystery of the future will presently be made plain to thee and to him who aspires to thy hand, and who now kneels at thy side."

One statement in the oracle seemed to the Kapellmeister somewhat premature, but remembering that his face was veiled and rejoiced at the increasing probability that the lady of the letter might be his neighbour of the morning, he made no sign, patiently awaiting what might follow. Indeed, he was not at all sure that another sight of those lustrous eyes all dimmed with tears would not bind him with a spell mightier than even Artemidorus could cast over him. Curiosity was being aided by a warmer feeling of interest. Again the seer spoke:—"But first thou must answer me truly of the past. I bid thee say whether thou wilt answer freely and in truth the questions concerning the past and thy present which the fates require of thee."

The young Kapellmeister's heart thumped mightily as he awaited the reply. It came in a voice so full of love and sadness mingled, that he longed to end the mummery then and there, and learn in more worthy fashion the secret of her sorrow.

"I promise," came the answer sweet and gentle.

"It is well!" said the seer. "Yet my questions are but few. Thou hast loved, hast thou not, against thy father's wish, and art ready to choose, if need be, poverty with thy lover? Thou thinkest that thy lover has talent, and will yet win a name for himself, dost thou not? And thy lover—his profession?"

"A musician," said the maiden.

At these words the impressionable Kapellmeister began to think that the soothsayer's letter was indeed true, and that his destiny was really come. But a rude shock awaited him.

"Up to the present, lack of influence, as thou wouldst think, has hindered his securing the recognition which his talents deserve, and all his endeavours, alike in Berlin and in Leipzig, have been in vain. And now he has returned home to Breslau in despair, and in your misery ye twain have come to learn if there is aught

of hope for ye in the future. And if there is not, ye have sworn to one another to die together; is it not so?"

A low sob was the only answer.

The Kapellmeister had heard enough. It was all a cruel mistake. The letter was not meant for him at all, and unwittingly he had learnt a secret alike delicate and sacred. Unintentionally, he had been guilty of gross intrusion. The mummery must at least end here. So springing to his feet, he tore the mask from his face, and cried:—

"Fair lady, I entreat a thousand pardons. There has been a mistake, which, indeed, I would were no mistake. This morning a letter was placed in my hand as I was leaving the Church of the Holy Cross, summoning me here; and curious to know what such a summons meant, I have come. I grieve beyond words, believe me, for my stupidity, and any pain I may be causing you by my presence. If, indeed, I knew of any way in which I could offer reparation for my thoughtlessness; but, alas! I know not what to say or do by way of atonement."

But no answer came from the sobbing girl. The Kapellmeister went on:—

"Unless indeed, I might say that I am not altogether without influence in the musical world of Breslau, and would fain hear more of your lover."

The seer had left the apartment, whether from a sense of delicacy, or to secure the coins in the box, is not recorded. So the Kapellmeister and the lady were alone. At his last words she had raised her head, and even in the dim light a gleam of hope was visible in her eyes, as for the second time that day she glanced timidly at Weber.

"Ah! sir," said she; "might he but have a chance, I am sure he would succeed. But he is proud, and knows nothing of the factions and parties which seem to be supreme in the musical world."

Together they left the magician's tent, and as they walked slowly back to Breslau, Weber heard her story of hope, and of disappointment succeeding disappointment. Presently they were inside the city walls, and were threading a narrow street. The young girl stopped before a small gabled house. "It is here that Johann lives," said she. "He will be at home, I know, for at this hour he is always at work." And as they got close up to the door they heard the strains of a violin. Attracted by the music and the influence which his companion exerted over him, no less than by a strange impulse which seized him, Weber went in and up the wooden stairs, till they paused at a door on the first landing. Knocking hastily, the young girl opened the door and ushered the Kapellmeister into her lover's presence. Weber looked curiously at the occupant of the room. In height and build the man resembled himself, and his age could not have been much more or less. But something in his face arrested his attention. He had never seen it before; of that he was certain, and yet it reminded him of somebody's face, whose he could not remember. "Johann," said the girl, "a fortunate mistake has introduced me to one whose name I do not know, but who, I am sure, has the power, if he has the will, to aid you. How the mistake arose the gentleman will explain to you himself better than I can," added she, with the first merry twinkle in her eyes which the Kapellmeister had seen. "I will leave you together, as it is getting late, and mother will be wondering at my absence."

Weber and Johann were left alone together. In a few brief, manly words the former explained what had happened, apologising for his

part in the mistake. The explanation was received with the same frankness with which it was offered.

"What Margaretha has said of my failure is only too true," said Johann. "I have been told that I am not altogether without skill as a musician; but in spite of all my efforts, I have as yet been quite unable even to make a start towards earning a livelihood by my art."

"I am hoping," was the graceful reply, "that you will show me you forgive my intrusion by letting me hear you play."

At once Margaretha's lover took his violin and played. When he had finished, the Kapellmeister rose from his seat, and, advancing towards him, took his hand and said:—

"That you possess more than mere skill is indeed beyond doubt. Have you an hour to spare? If so, will you bring your instrument with you and accompany me to my house and play over to me the violin part in a composition in which I am at present taking some interest? And as we go along, if you will, you might tell me frankly what causes have up to the present hindered your success."

On their way across the city Margaretha's lover related briefly the main points in his life.

"My father died when I was young," said he; "and as my mother was not well off, and had several children, I was brought up in my uncle's house as a member of his family. He had always been more successful than my father, and had indeed inherited, though I know not why, the greater portion of my grandfather's money. Still, I will not be unjust to him, since he disbursed money for me. I put it thus, because he did no more. I lived in his house, but it was only in toleration, and the fact that I was a charge upon him was always thrown at me. Yet the petty taunts I could bear for my mother's sake. He is a musician himself, and is not without influence, and it is from that fact that our estrangement has in part arisen. As I grew older, he perceived that I was not without talent as a musician, and one day he told me, harshly and inconsiderately, that he had decided I should marry one of his daughters, and succeed him in his professional career. The proposal, as well as the way in which it was put, revolted me, for I had already seen and secretly loved Margaretha. As I did not immediately reply to his proposal, he sought to clinch the matter by reminding me for the thousandth time of the obligations which I was under to him. For the first time I spoke freely to him, keeping back nothing. My money-debt to him I freely acknowledged, and swore I would pay him back every farthing. He sneered at me, and bade me leave the house."

"Does your uncle live in Breslau?" asked the Kapellmeister.

"Yes; and has great influence in the musical world here."

"Perhaps I know him," said Weber. "What is his name?"

"Herr Schnabel."

The words came to Weber with a shock which he had difficulty in hiding. Indeed, it was only due to his companion's being wholly engrossed with his thoughts that the start which he gave was not noticed.

For the rest of the way Weber said nothing, but, arrived at his house, he led Johann straight to his father's presence. The news which he had heard was so surprising that he dared not trust himself as sole judge. Then he handed to Schnabel's nephew the score of the music which was to have been performed at the theatre, but which now, to his great chagrin, he had had to omit from the programme, owing to the machinations of his great rival, Schnabel, and the consequent resignation of his principal violinist.



Margaretha's lover felt that he was on his trial, and that he was playing before no mean critics—playing for Margaretha's sake. So he played with all the concentration and art of which he was master, and when he finished he saw, by the faces of his hearers, that he had not been unsuccessful.

"I have a proposal to make to you," said Weber. "I can offer you the position of first violin in the orchestra of the Stadttheater, if you will accept it, and this very night you shall make your first appearance. The time is short, but the occasion is imperative. One thing only: for the present, until after the performance, no word of this to any one save Fräulein Margaretha."

The offer was at once accepted, and they hastened to prepare for the coming performance, which was now only an hour off, Weber to cancel the re-arrangements he had made, and Johann Schnabel, with a copy of the music, to spend the short remaining interval in assiduously rehearsing.

That night the theatre was crowded. Among the audience sat Herr Schnabel, whispering to a chosen spirit of his faction that the music would break down, and that presently an announcement would probably be made, that, in consequence of so-and-so, certain alterations would be made in the programme; that it was ever so with those who promised too much. In another part of the house sat Margaretha, with eyes full of hope and nervous expectancy. Presently the performance began, and no announcement had been made. Item succeeded item as the play progressed, and now the *pièce de résistance* stood next in the musical programme. The interval was over, the orchestra were in their places, the Kapellmeister's *bâton* was raised. Margaretha leant forward to catch a sight of her lover. Not so Herr Schnabel. Confident that some inferior substitute had been found, who would bungle through his part and crush the success on which the Kapellmeister was bent, he sat back in his seat, with an incipient sneer on his lips. But hark! the music had begun, and every note was clear and true. The audience were listening with strained delight. Who could the violinist be? Herr Schnabel leant forward to see who sat in the first violinist's seat, and there, close by the hated Kapellmeister's *bâton*, was his yet more heartily detested nephew. Grinding his teeth with rage, Herr Schnabel rose and left the theatre; but even as he did so the applause of the audience burst forth with mighty volume, and from all corners of the house arose simultaneously an imperative demand for a repetition of the piece.

## Some Pupils and Protégés of Franz Liszt.

BY ANDREW DE TERNAUT.

**F**EW of the shining lights in the history of music have had such a brilliant array of pupils and *protégés* around them as Franz Liszt. As a rule the great composers and virtuosi have been too much occupied with their own ambition, and to further the interests of a younger generation, beyond giving bare instruction and receiving fees, has been, and is, even now, considered a secondary or charitable consideration. There have been, of

course, exceptions to this rule, but the common practice in art, as in commerce, is like what old Alexander Pope says:—"Tis with followers at Court as with followers on the road, who first bespatter those that go before, and then tread on their heels." Fortunately for modern musical art, Franz Liszt did not follow this selfish doctrine, or else the world would probably never have heard of Richard Wagner's music-dramas from *Lohengrin* to *Parsifal*, and some of the following distinguished musicians.

HERMAN COHEN.

Herman Cohen, who was one of the earliest pupils of Liszt, has been immortalized under the name of "Puzzi," in Madame Georges Sand's "Lettres d'un Voyageur." The great novelist gives the following literary portrait of Liszt and his pupil:—

"It is you above all, my dear Franz, that I place in a picture flooded with light, a magic apparition which comes to me in the darkness of my meditative nights. Instead of the candles across the blaze of admiration that crowns you and surrounds you, I love, whilst that your fingers are producing the marvellous beauties of Weber, to meet your affectionate glance which comes down again towards me and seems to say, 'Brother, do you understand me? It is to your soul that I speak!' Yes, young friend; yes, inspired artist, I understand this divine language, and yet cannot speak it. What I am not—I paint at least to fix on your image those celestial flashes of lightning which inflame and illuminate you, whilst the god comes towards you, whilst a faint blue light runs through your hair, and the most chaste of the Muses bends towards you smilingly.

"But if I made this picture, I would not forget to add that charming personage of Puzzi, your well-beloved pupil. Raphael and Tebaldo, his young friend, never appeared with more grace before God and before men like you two, my dear children. I saw both of you, one night, when all was becoming silent to listen to your improvisation, that child standing behind you, pale, agitated, immovable like a statue, and nevertheless trembling like a flower about to be plucked, seeming to breathe the harmony with all his perspiration, and slightly opened pure lips to draw the honey which you poured out to him."

Puzzi (Cohen) also accompanied Liszt and his mistress, the Comtesse d'Agoult (mother of Madame Cosima Wagner), and Madame Sand on their holiday tour in Switzerland, and is frequently mentioned in the "Lettres d'un Voyageur." He was afterwards for a short time professor at the Conservatoire of Geneva, and subsequently travelled in Germany, Italy, and England. When twenty-five years of age, Herman Cohen returned to Paris, abjured the Hebrew faith of his fathers, became a Catholic priest, and entered the Order of the Barefooted Friars as Father Augustin Marie. Horace Vernet, the great French painter, in a letter to a friend, gives a picturesque description of how the newly ordained young priest recognised him on board a steamer going from Valence to Avignon: "Ne me reconnaissez-vous pas? Je suis allé bien de fois chez vous, lorsque j'étais Juif. Je suis le frère Herman, ci-devant le jeune Cohen, élève de Liszt, ami de Thalberg. Permettez-moi de vous embrasser?" The priest and painter warmly embraced one another, and had a long conversation on religion. Herman Cohen, as Father Augustin Marie, became a celebrated preacher, and published a Mass and a collection of canticles under his religious name. He delivered a series of sermons at a Catholic Church in London, shortly before Liszt's last visit to England in 1886.

FRANZ KROLL.

The name of Franz Kroll is principally known in England through his masterly edition of John Sebastian Bach's *Wohltemperirte Clavier*. The distinguished pianist, however, was not only a favourite pupil of Liszt, but also accompanied him on several of his tours. Kroll was originally a medical student, but, like Berlioz, soon abandoned the hospital wards for music. He was all through his life an industrious student of Bach's works, and his labours are honourably mentioned in the late Herr Spitta's biography of the great composer. Franz Kroll was born at Bromberg in 1820, and died in 1877.

HANS VON BÜLOW.

The late Dr. von Bülow was the most widely known pupil of Franz Liszt, and it is scarcely necessary to give an account of their intimacy. As Liszt himself wrote in a letter to Herr Parmandy at Buda-Pesth, on February 15, 1881:—

"Dear Sir and Friend,—You desire to know what impression the Bülow concert of yesterday has made upon me. He belongs to you, to all of us, to the whole of the intelligent public of Europe. To express it in two words: admiration, enthusiasm. Twenty-five years ago Bülow was my disciple in music, just as twenty-five years before that time I was the disciple of my dear and highly esteemed master, Czerny. But it is given to Bülow to strive more effectively and more persistently than myself. His admirable Beethoven edition is dedicated to me as the 'Fruits of my Instructions.' But it was the instructor himself who had here to learn from the pupil, and Bülow continues on his part to instruct the world—as much by his astonishing mastery at the piano-forte, as by his extraordinary musical proficiency, and now again by his inimitable conductorship of *Meiningen Capelle*. There you have the musical progress of our time.

"Cordially yours,  
"F. LISZT."

CARL TAUSIG.

Carl Tausig first became acquainted with Liszt in 1855, when he was about fourteen years old. He was previously instructed by his father, Aloys Tausig, an excellent pianist and teacher. The father travelled with his son to Weimar, with the hope, as Miss Amy Fay relates in her "Music Study in Germany," "that Liszt would receive the little marvel as a pupil and *protégé*. But Liszt would not even hear the boy play. 'I have had,' he declared positively, 'enough of child prodigies. They never come to much.' Tausig's father apparently acquiesced in the reply, but while he and Liszt were drinking wine and smoking together, he managed to smuggle the child on to the piano-stool behind Liszt, and signed to him to begin to play. The little Tausig plunged into Chopin's A flat Polonaise with such fire and boldness that Liszt turned his eagle head, and after a few bars cried, 'I take him!' Mr. Dannreuther also tells us that, "Peter Cornelius used to relate how Liszt and his friends were taken aback when young Tausig sat down to play. 'A very devil of a fellow,' said Cornelius; 'he dashed into Chopin's A flat Polonaise, and knocked us clean over with the octaves!' From that day Tausig was Liszt's favourite."

Carl Tausig made his first appearance in public at an orchestral concert conducted by the late Dr. von Bülow, in Berlin, in 1858. He afterwards undertook several professional tours in Germany, Austria and Russia, and settled down and married at Berlin in 1865. His celebrated school for the higher development of pianoforte playing attracted for five years a large number of serious students, and the great



artist died of typhoid fever at Leipzig, in 1871. "His death," Miss Fay relates, "was an awful blow to Liszt, for he used to say, 'He will be the inheritor of my playing.' I suppose he thought he would live again in him, for he always says, 'Never did such talent come under my hands.'"

The following tribute is from the pen of Von Lenz, who was a great admirer of Carl Tausig:—"Never has a master been more warmly honoured by his pupil than Liszt by Tausig! Such a true, affectionate heart had Tausig! Such an amiable nature ought never to have been wounded in the tenderest spot of his inmost feeling. The purely human qualities were as remarkable in him as the highly artistic qualities. Sad impressions seem to have fallen early upon his life; perhaps it was to flee from these that he took refuge in his art, and it was this which, in his playing, seemed to make the artist stand out before the man: in other words, with him art was objective—predominant."

## WALTER BACHE.

The late Mr. Walter Bache was one of the most sincere pupils Franz Liszt ever had, and no one laboured more than he to the end of his life to make known his master's compositions in England. The Annual Liszt Concert given by Mr. Bache was one of the features of the London musical season, and the oratorio *St. Elizabeth*, and other works of the great Hungarian musician were introduced for the first time to an English audience under his direction. That Liszt appreciated the perseverance and enthusiasm of his pupil, is shown in a letter addressed to Mr. Bache in 1884: "For some twenty years past you have been employing your beautiful talent as a pianist, your care as a professor and as a conductor, to make my works known and to spread them in England." Mr. Bache first met Liszt at Rome in 1862, and studied under him for three years. When Liszt came to London for the last time, in 1886, Mr. Bache gave the memorable reception in his master's honour at the Grosvenor Gallery. It was also mainly owing to the efforts of Mr. Bache that a Liszt scholarship was founded at the Royal Academy of Music.

## GIOVANNI SGAMBATI.

Signor Sgambati, who was the most distinguished Italian pupil of Liszt, is well known in England both as a pianist and composer. He is a favourite in Roman society, and enjoys the patronage of the Queen of Italy. Some years ago Signor Sgambati was also fortunate enough to find a patron in Richard Wagner. The great composer, during a sojourn in Rome, heard two of Signor Sgambati's quintets for pianoforte and strings, and admired them so much that he immediately wrote to his publishers, Messrs. Schott, of Mayence, recommending the firm to secure these works. Signor Sgambati was not only a favourite pupil of Liszt, but also assisted his master in his endeavours to establish chamber and orchestral concerts in Rome. "When Liszt first came," a Roman newspaper correspondent wrote some years ago, "all the young instrumentalists grouped about him. It was his presence, his residence here, that gave courage to the few students and lovers of that style of music. If Liszt did not form a School in Rome, he did what is finer and greater—he influenced most powerfully a circle of superior artists. From the epoch of his coming can be dated the existence of the present excellent School of chamber music in this city, the fine orchestral concert societies, etc. Before Liszt came there was already living here a violinist of high culture, Tullio Ramaciotti, uncle of the Pinelli brothers, a man of means and excellent

social position. He was the master of Ettore Pinelli. Sgambati—who was from the beginning of Liszt's residence in Rome that celebrated pianist's favourite pupil—as soon as he felt strong enough to undertake the work, united with Ramaciotti and Ettore Pinelli to form an orchestral school and audience in Rome. It was uphill work at first; but they were indefatigable. They drilled their orchestras, taught their own executants, spared neither time nor money. The first time a Symphony of Beethoven was performed in Rome, Sgambati paid all the expenses of the orchestra. And Pinelli, at his first orchestral concert, took in only fourteen francs! He had sixty players to pay out of his own pocket, too. But these troubles are ended. There is a fine company of instrumentalists and a large appreciative pupil." Since the death of Liszt, the interest for chamber and orchestral concerts has in no way diminished in Rome, and much of this is due to the perseverance of Signor Sgambati.

## SOPHIE MENTER.

When Liszt first heard Madame Menter play the "Emperor" concerto of Beethoven at Vienna in 1870, he wrote the following eulogy of her to Henselt: "If you still have a heart for pianoforte playing, and long to hear something magnificent and noble, go and hear Sophie Menter." The clever lady studied successively under Professor Viest, Carl Tausig, and Liszt. Madame Menter was still a young girl when she met Tausig, who generously offered to superintend her musical education, and she tells a capital story about herself in connection with her first appearance at a Court concert in the Berlin Schloss:—"It was on that occasion," she says, "partly through inexperience, and partly through overpowering nervousness, that I committed the greatest blunder of my whole life, which is really saying a good deal! I knew accurately enough what Wagner, Liszt, and Verdi were like, but I had never seen the Emperor William; for I was quite a young girl, and during my sojourn in the German capital I had thought of no one but Tausig, my teacher. He was all Berlin to me. Having, moreover, to practise twelve hours a day, which was my lot at that time, I had not much leisure for staring at the photographs in the shop windows. Just when I was working my very hardest I received a command to play at Court. Of course I obeyed. When I had finished my solo an old gentleman came up to me, and expressed his approval of my performance. I thought to myself, 'You are the first to speak—you must be the Emperor.' So I said 'Your Majesty' to him. He looked me hard in the face, and presently replied, 'You are mistaken, young lady; I am not the Emperor.' So saying, he walked away; and I noticed a general smile, which made me feel profoundly uncomfortable. A little later on another grey old gentleman greeted me. I was desperately embarrassed; but it suddenly struck me that my second interlocutor must be the Emperor—he looked so extremely venerable!—and I ventured upon another faltering 'Your Majesty'; whereupon he laughed in my face, introduced himself to me as a 'Prince of the Imperial House,' and left me, crimson and speechless with confusion. Immediately afterwards a third old gentleman approached me, exclaiming 'Mademoiselle, is it really possible that you do not know the Emperor when you see him? Well, then—I am the Emperor!' He then offered me his arm, laughing heartily, and conducted me round the great drawing-room, chatting away in the most friendly manner.

"This, however, was not my only mishap at the Court of Berlin. One evening I was bidden to play at a Wednesday tea-party, given by the

Empress. Whilst awaiting my turn I was sitting down, and next to me was a nice-looking young officer, whom I took for an aide-de-camp. When the time came for me to play, I asked him to open the piano for me, which he did; and presently, feeling thirsty, I told him that I should like an ice. He hurried away to the buffet, and brought me a delicious *panachée*. After we had conversed for some minutes with all imaginable gaiety, he suddenly observed, 'Gracious lady, allow me to make myself known to you. I am Prince William of Prussia.' And I had made him open the piano for me!"

There are also some good stories concerning Madame Menter and Liszt in Miss Amy Fay's delightful book, but these have been quoted so often, that it is scarcely necessary to repeat them to the readers of this Magazine. Madame Sophie Menter, however, is now acknowledged to be the greatest lady pianist of the School founded by Liszt, and her career has been a series of unbroken triumphs.

## ANTON URSPRUCH.

Herr Anton Urspruch, who was one of Liszt's pupils, is not very well known in England. He, however, enjoys considerable reputation in Germany, as a pianist, professor, and composer, and has published several important works, including an opera, *Der Sturm*, the libretto of which is founded on Shakespeare's play *The Tempest*. Miss Fay gives the following account of him:—

"As I entered Liszt's salon, Urspruch was performing Schumann's Symphonic Studies—an immense composition, and one that took at least half an hour to get through. . . . Liszt came forward and greeted me in a very friendly manner as I entered. He was in very good humour that day, and made some little witticisms. Urspruch asked him what title he should give to a piece he was composing. '*Per aspera ad astra*,' said Liszt. This was such a good hit that I began to laugh, and he seemed to enjoy my appreciation of his little sarcasm."

## ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

Though the late Mr. Rubinstein cannot accurately be styled a pupil of Liszt, he was certainly a *protégé*, and was indebted to the great Hungarian musician for many acts of kindness. In 1840, Rubinstein went with his teacher, Villoing, to Paris, but failing, on account of his foreign birth, to secure admission to the Conservatoire, then under the leadership of Cherubini, Villoing introduced the young pianist to the Parisian public in the concert room; this at a time, too, when the public had the opportunity of hearing Chopin, Thalberg, and other celebrities, and when Franz Liszt was there in the zenith of his fame. But the bold venture proved a most brilliant success. At once favourably impressed by his Beethoven-like head, and the grave, mature dignity of his bearing, the audience followed him with rapt attention, and when Liszt first nodded his head approvingly, and finally caught up the little fellow in his arms and, kissing him, joyfully exclaimed "*Das wird der Erbe meines Spieles*," the enthusiasm of the public broke forth in a thunderstorm of applause, and the name of Rubinstein was established. From this time Liszt was always enthusiastic in his praise of the young pianist, and some years later, during the early fifties, produced one of Rubinstein's operas at Weimar. In 1854 Liszt, in a letter to Carl Klindworth, describes Rubinstein as "the most notable musician, pianist, and composer, who has appeared to me among the newer lights. He possesses tremendous material, and an extraordinary versatility in the handling of it." Rubinstein, however, during the later years of his life, penned many disrespectful sentences concerning his old patron, but there is reason



to believe that it arose principally from jealousy of Liszt's admiration for Wagner's music-dramas.

Since the death of Rubinstein, there has been quite a flood of recollections or reprints of early criticisms on his playing. Some written by Scudo, the Franco-Italian musical critic of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* concerning Rubinstein's appearances in Paris during 1857-58, however, have been overlooked. Two extracts from Scudo's writings may therefore prove interesting now:—

"It is impossible," he wrote "to hear anything comparable to the March from Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens* arranged and performed by Rubinstein. It is as if a whole orchestra *dinned* in his fingers of steel, which flash out the strange sounds of this savage music conceived by a very civilized genius. I very much admire the bearing of M. Rubinstein, who does not give himself the airs of a hero of romance, but is calm before his finger-board, as it befits a great artist who respects the public whose votes he seeks."

Scudo, like many later day critics, frequently blamed Rubinstein for his want of self-control, but he was a sincere admirer of the great musician, and on one occasion rather offended the French pianists from the Paris Conservatoire by writing as follows:—"After all, the piano is only played in Germany, as the violin is naturally played only in Italy. The Corellis, Tartinis, Pugnani, Viottis, Paganinis—that is to say, the greatest violinists in the world were all Italians, as Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Hummel, Weber, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Liszt, Thalberg, the creators of pianoforte music, as well as the most eminent artists who have most thoroughly mastered the mechanism of this difficult instrument, were born on the other side of the Rhine. No doubt the piano is cultivated with success in France, and there, perhaps, are to be found the best school of violin playing and the most perfect orchestras in Europe. Nevertheless, these are there only the result of a tenacious will, lacking the spontaneity of nature, without which nothing great is possible in the arts. At the end of a few years the sap of inspiration is dried up; one knows no longer to what mediocrity to devote one's self; one tires of hearing so many poor fellows hammer out sounds without ideas. Happily, there come all on a sudden real artists like Chopin, Liszt, Thalberg, or M. Rubinstein, who raise the public taste, and open new horizons. . . . His (Rubinstein's) prodigious execution combines the force and impetuosity which one admired in Liszt, and the delicacy of touch which characterised the playing of Chopin. No difficulty arrests Rubinstein. He masters his instrument as a Cossack of the Don masters his full-maned, long-tailed horse, whose savage ardour he bridle at will."

JOACHIM RAFF.

The early musical patrons of the composer of the "Lenore" Symphony were Mendelssohn and Liszt. In the year 1843, Raff sent some of his pianoforte compositions to Mendelssohn, who forwarded them on to the celebrated Leipzig publishers, Messrs. Breitkopf & Härtel with the following letter of recommendation:—

"Most Respected Sirs,—I have received the enclosed letter and compositions, and cannot refrain from submitting them to you, in hope that you may be enabled to indulge both the writer and myself with a favourable answer. Were the pieces only signed by some well-known name, I am persuaded they would have a very large sale, for the contents are such that it would be difficult to believe that many of them are not by Liszt, Döhler and other eminent players. The composition is elegant and fault-

less throughout, and in the most modern style; but now comes the fact that no one knows the name of the composer, which entirely alters the case. Perhaps a single piece might be taken out of each set, or possibly you may find that one or two of those for which I personally care least (e.g. the Galops) are more suited for the public taste; in a word, perhaps, you may somehow be induced to print something out of the collection. If my hearty recommendation will have any weight, I most willingly add it to the request of my young friend. In any case I must ask you to try the pieces over, and refer them to those friends who usually advise you in such cases, and then let me know the result, returning the letter at the same time—I trust with only a little of the music. Such is my hope, which I beg you to pardon and excuse.—Yours faithfully, F. M. B."

After some years of severe struggle, Raff became acquainted with Liszt, and accepted the great pianist's invitation to accompany him on a concert tour through Switzerland. Liszt also recommended him to a publisher, Karl Mechetti, of Vienna—but unfortunately for Raff, that worthy man died shortly afterwards. Liszt, however, did not cease to take an interest in Raff's welfare. He was invited by Liszt to come to Weimar, and remained there six years. His first opera, *König Alfred*, was produced at the Court Theatre through the influence of Liszt, and he met at Weimar, Dora Genast, the daughter of the dramatist and actor, who was destined to become his wife.

PETER CORNELIUS.

Peter Cornelius' opera, *The Barber of Bagdad*, which was a few months ago introduced to a London audience by the students of the Royal College of Music, was originally produced through the influence of Liszt at Weimar, in 1858. The composer, who was a near relative of the distinguished painter in whose honour Mendelssohn wrote the well-known March, was for some time an actor, but afterwards abandoned his theatrical career in favour of music and literature. Peter Cornelius found a true friend and patron in Liszt, and during his sojourn of six years in Weimar, translated some of the great pianist's literary contributions from French into German. He also wrote several original articles for the *Neu Zeitschrift für Musik* (the paper founded by Robert Schumann) in which he explained the artistic principles of Liszt and Wagner. Cornelius' *Barber of Bagdad*, however, was only performed once at Weimar in 1858, but though it received a cool reception from the public, it was chiefly owing to the intrigues of the manager, Herr Dingelstedt, that the opera was not announced a second time. Herr Dingelstedt owed his appointment to Liszt, who had recommended him to the Grand Duke as the most efficient manager in Germany; his jealous disposition, however, prompted him to intrigue against and worry Liszt without cessation, until he actually drove the latter to throw up his post. He set his face against every opera that Liszt proposed to put in rehearsal, refusing to authorise any outlay for the necessary properties, costumes, etc., and making himself generally unpleasant to the officials connected with the *mise en scène*. Herr Pasqué, in a volume of recollections, says:—

"When Liszt was bringing out Sobolevski's opera, *Komala*, I had to apply to the Intendant-General (Dingelstedt) for sundry properties required for the mounting of that work, and received the following reply, in a tone that admitted of no remonstrance on my part: 'Herr Régisseur, I shall allow you nothing whatever for this opera—or, at the very utmost,

a pound of soap wherewith to wash the Bard's petticoats!' A much more serious difference than this, however, arose between us with relation to the production of an opera called *The Barber of Bagdad*, by Peter Cornelius. For the 'business' in the second Act of this piece a large handsomely decorated chest is requisite. It is indeed, so to speak, the key of the chief situation, for Nouredin, the hero and Morgiana's lover, has to hide in it. No such property, however, was to hand in the Grand Ducal Theatre; wherefore it became my duty to solicit Herr Dingelstedt's authorization to order a chest of description alluded to. He abruptly refused my request, observing that I could have Falstaff's clothes-basket, if I liked; it would do well enough for what I wanted. I protested that it was utterly unsuitable; but in vain. Our interview ended by his positively forbidding me to order any additional property to be made, even of such material as old lumber, of which there was plenty mouldering in the property rooms. Nevertheless, I did what I thought was right, and enlisted the aid of our excellent machinist, Haendel, to furbish up an old flour-chest, which we routed out of a loft, painted it in bright colours, and decorated with tinsel, so that it looked quite gorgeous, from a theatrical point of view. It made rather a hit. After the performance was over, and Liszt, Cornelius, and other friends had left the stage, the Intendant-General made his appearance thereupon. He walked up to me, fixed his eyes upon mine with a stern and penetrating gaze, and presently said, 'So, Herr Régisseur! you have disobeyed my orders, then, and had a brand new chest made.' 'I beg your pardon,' I rejoined, 'it is merely some old rubbish, a crazy old flour chest that I had patched up for the occasion.' 'It would have done very well as it was, without all this bedizenment. I shall hold you responsible for every farthing of the outlay you have incurred.' 'As you please, sir; I will pay the amount out of my own pocket.' 'And the fine, besides, with which I shall punish your disobedience.' 'We will see about that, all in due time; if you fine me, I shall know what to do, and to whom to appeal.' Upon this, he turned upon his heel, and stalked away with an air of wrathful dignity. But nothing came of it; he never attempted to fine me, and subsequently took great credit to himself for the efficiency with which *The Barber of Bagdad* had been mounted."

After separating from Liszt, Cornelius went to Munich, and was for some time reader to the late King Ludwig, of Bavaria, and a professor at the local Conservatoire. Peter Cornelius composed other works besides the opera produced through the influence of Liszt, and remained a sincere disciple of the then styled "New German School" until his death in 1874.

AUGUST WILHELMJ.

Liszt once said of Herr Wilhelmj: "He is so thoroughly adapted for the violin that, if the instrument had not been at hand, we should have had to invent it for him." August Wilhelmj received his first instruction on the violin at Wiesbaden of Conrad Fischer, Court concert director of the Duchy of Nassau, a very capable artist. His progress must have been remarkable, for, when Henrietta Sontag, the great singer, at the beginning of her fiftieth year, was on a visit at his parents' home, she could not suppress her astonishment at the boy's unique mastery of tone and style, but, much moved, kissed him and said: "Some day you will be a German Paganini." In his earliest youth he had awakened the astonishment of musical connoisseurs by his fine ear. In



November, 1853, he played in a quartett for the first time. The boy acquitted himself so bravely, that he not only did not lose the time, but pointed as musically, and played off his part as correctly, as though he had been for years at a quartett stand. For all that, Wilhelm's parents seemed to have consented to his choice of profession only under protest. Franz Liszt, whose opinion was to give the impulse in this emergency, made a trial of the young man, who had gone to Weimar for this very purpose, and concluded his examination in astonishment, with the words: "How people could be undecided as to your calling in life? Why, music is born in you! Work diligently on; the world will talk of you yet, young man." And he at once journeyed with him to Ferdinand David at Leipzig, and gave him into his charge for further training. "I bring you here the future second Paganini"—with this prophetic commendation, Liszt introduced the young artist to David—"Look out for him."

#### A GYPSY VIOLINIST.

Liszt, in his book on "Hungarian Music," gives an interesting account of his experience in trying to train and educate a gypsy boy with a view to introduce him as a violinist on the concert platform: "At Paris, one day, when I was not thinking the least in the world about the gypsies, Count Sandor Telèky came in one morning, followed by a lad about twelve years of age, in a hussar jacket with trousers laced on every seam, swarthy in complexion, with hair in a state of nature, a bold look, as arrogant an expression of countenance as if he could give the greatest kings the go-by, and a violin in his hand. 'Here,' said the Count, pushing him by the shoulders towards me, 'I bring you a present.' Great was the astonishment which this announcement, so odd to French ears, created among my guests, M. Thalberg in particular. Nor was I less surprised; for I had not for a long time thought of a wish I had often expressed when in Hungary of finding a young gypsy, with a talent for the violin, capable of receiving education. The Count had left orders on his estates, when leaving his country, that if a youngster answering such a description could be found he should be forwarded to Paris, and the mischievous creature whom he presented to me had been discovered and forwarded in fulfilment of his order, having been brought from his parents for that purpose. I kept the boy with me. It was interesting to watch his humours and instincts in a world so new to him. Insolent vanity in every form was the prevailing ingredient in his nature. To steal out of greediness, to make love to all women, to break everything of which he did not understand the structure, were rather inconvenient propensities, though natural enough, and which ought to have corrected themselves; but there was no coming to an end of them, for when they were repressed in one place they broke out in another. Josy presently became a little lion in the circle of my acquaintances, who repaid his playing in private pretty handsomely. Having thus some money of his own, he began to fling it about with prodigal indifference of the first quality. He took his person in hand as the matter of first importance, with a coquetry past belief: set himself up with canes, fine breast-pins, chains. No cravat or waistcoat could be too showy for him, no hairdresser too good to curl and keep his head in order. There was one sorrow—his complexion, so brown, so yellow, when compared with that of other people. He imagined that he might bring himself to their tone by the frequent use of soap and perfumery of which he bought quantities; would go into the dearest shops, inquire for

what he thought would answer best, and fling down on the counters his five franc pieces, quite too great a gentleman to wish to receive change. On leaving Paris for Spain, I handed him over to M. Massart, professor of the violin at the Conservatoire, who undertook to superintend his musical and moral education. The accounts too well justified every presage that my plan of adoption was a failure. He had the most insurmountable contempt for everything he did not know, and, without daring to own it, he was at heart persuaded of his superiority to every one about him, attaching importance to nothing save *his own violin, his own pleasure, his own music*. When he was put to study, the report was that his stubborn disobedience outdid everything of the kind with which his masters had ever before dealt. In due course of time I heard that Josy grew but did not change—that he made no progress, that there was nothing to be done with him. Being a little partial to him, however, I found some proof of application in the zigzag scrawls of letters, full of Oriental exaggeration, which he wrote me. When I was going to Strassburg I sent for him to meet me there. On arriving, I had forgotten that he might be there first; and when, on leaving the station, I found myself almost stifled in the embraces of a stranger; it was a while before I could recognize my little gypsy, the wild creature from the *steppes*, in the tall and handsome young man dressed in the Parisian fashion. The hooked nose, the Asiatic eyes, and the dark skin of Josy, however, had resisted every cosmetic of France, and were the same as ever. So was he, too; for, in answer to my first exclamation of surprise, 'Why, you look quite a gentleman!' he answered coolly, with the grand air of a Hidalgo, 'It is because I *am* one.' Unwilling entirely to give him up, I imagined that, perhaps, in some place nearer the woods and fields, it might be easier to exercise some influence over him. Accordingly I placed him in Germany, at the edge of the Black Forest, with an excellent musician, Herr Stern, chapel violinist to the Prince of Hohenzollern. Some time after that, when I was at Vienna, I heard of a new company of Gypsy musicians, and one day went with some friends, to the Zeisig Inn, to see what they were worth. Not one of us had the slightest idea of finding a face we knew; we were surprised, therefore, at the agitation which our entrance obviously excited. Suddenly a young, clean-limbed fellow rushed out of the troop and fell on his knees, embracing mine with the most passionate pantomime. In the twinkling of an eye the whole party was upon me, without further prelude, kissing my hands eagerly, stifling me with bursts of gratitude, so that I had some trouble in making out that their leader was Josy's elder brother, who had already been making inquiries from my servants, and who, sobbing with gratitude as he was, could not resist, though timidly, expressing his desire to see Josy, and to have him among them again. Having no reason to be satisfied with the reports from Germany, and despairing of ever making a trained artist of him, I sent for him to Vienna, in order that he might join his own people if he wished to do so. When he saw them again, his rapture was without bounds; he seemed ready to go mad with it. No sooner were they re-united than Josy and the troop disappeared entirely, and left the town, to exhibit the lost child to the father of the tribe. On his return, Josy was more intolerable than ever, and finished by entreating me, with the most violent demonstrations of gratitude, to let him return to the horde at once and for ever. So we parted, after his purse had been once again furnished with a little sum, instantaneously spent in a monster

orgy, to which he treated his comrades, in addition to the farewell party which I gave them. I have not an idea what has become of this intractable scholar."

The boy, however, was not lost for ever, and soon after the account of himself was reprinted in a Hungarian newspaper, he addressed the following letter to his former protector:—

"DÉBREZIN, December 30, 1859.

"YOUR HIGHBORN!—Having just read in the local *Sontags-Zeitung* of the 25 inst. an extract from journal under the title, 'The Gypsy Josy,' in which Your Highborn so faithfully describes your connexion with me thirteen years ago, I allow myself most respectfully to address these presents to Your Highborn. Now that I am already married, and am a father of a family, and in possession of a calm mind and a clear understanding, I think with sorrow that in my youth I had the good fortune to stand under Your Highborn's care and protection; to be introduced into the great world and to be educated in Art, but that this was impossible for you to accomplish in consequence of my then incorrigible depravity, and my estrangement from all that was noble and exalted, and from Art; but at my own and brother's request you dismissed me again to my home, richly rewarded, as a bad gypsy lad, whom it was impossible to educate any further for Art. Now I see, in one word, that I have buried my future. But this is now unalterable. But according to the close of your memorandum in your journal, you wish to hear something of me; I therefore seize the opportunity, and most obediently inform you that I serve here in Débrezin my home, as an ordinary gypsy, in the Kapelle; respected, indeed, among my comrades and also by the public, since I still play my violin tolerably. Three years ago I also married a gypsy from here, and last year already won a son, whom I have christened Franz, after your honoured name, and I took the liberty of choosing Your Highborn as godfather. We celebrated the christening with a lively entertainment, greeting the godfather, dwelling far away in foreign parts, with high-swung goblets. While I wish Your Highborn much happiness in the coming year, and long life and health, your honoured memory is deeply impressed on my heart, and I will keep Your Highborn's portrait, which I brought with me from Paris, in my poor house as long as I live, and will afterwards leave it to my descendants as a relic. With the deepest respect remaining, Your Highborn's most obedient servant,

"SA'RAI JESET, or the GYPSY JOSY.

"In the first Music Kapelle of the Boka Károly."

#### A Famous Spinnet.

**E.** B. STERLING, a collector of rare coins, stamps and musical instruments, has at his home in Trenton, N.J., a spinnet upon which General Washington played after the capture of the Hessians at the battle of Trenton.

The instrument is well preserved, but has not been played upon in at least fifty years, and only a favoured few of the collector's friends have ever seen it.

The spinnet occupies a room almost by itself, and is highly prized by its owner, whose grandfather was an officer in the Continental army. The instrument occupied a place in General Rahl's headquarters at the time of his capture.

Another spinnet of the Revolutionary days can be seen at Washington's headquarters at Newburgh, N.Y., but it is not as fine a specimen as the one owned by Mr. Sterling.



## The Academies.

### LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE annual examinations for students took place at St. George's Hall at the end of June and beginning of July. The number of successful students plainly show what good work is accomplished. The Bronze Medalists (Pianists, if not otherwise described) are:—Misses A. Coultery, Elmes, V. Farquhar, Giles, Fuller (violin), Levy, Liddell, B. Parker (violin), E. Parker (violin). Silver Medalists—Mr. E. J. Bell, Misses Francis, R. Kindred, J. M. Peake, W. Wicks, Avard (violin); Messrs. W. Bell (violin) and Ford (violin).

Gold Medalists—Misses Rogers, Campbell (violin), Defries (violin), Mason (violin), and M. Moore (violin), awards of Diploma falling to Misses J. Moore and Greenhill (violin).

The Bronze Medals for singing were awarded to the Misses Amory, Batchelor, L. Brown, Bryant, Chamberlayne, Eversden, Nelson, Petherbridge, C. Simpson, M. South, E. A. Tinort, Mrs. Hill, and Mr. C. E. Franck.

The Silver Medalists are:—Misses L. Boutray, A. Scott, J. Higgs, O. Johnson, E. Serpell, M. Watson, Mrs. Seal, Mr. A. Moscarella, and Mr. W. George.

Gold Medalists:—Misses A. E. Sinclair, M. Duffus, J. McLaren, and E. Sinclair.

Award of Diploma:—Miss M. Calkin and Mr. G. Denis.

The awards for Harmony are held by:—Bronze Medals—Mr. Jourdain, Misses Giles, Liddell, Matthews, G. Marsden, Parker, Peake, C. Simpson, and M. Wilkinson.

Silver Medals—Misses C. Bell, A. D. Francis, J. Moore, and E. Varley.

I most heartily congratulate the successful candidates, and hope they will still continue to rise in their profession.

The examiners for the Pianoforte were Mr. Emil Bach and Mr. Herbert Sharpe; for Singing, Signor Beriquam and Mr. Wallace Wells; for Violin, Mr. Achille Rirarde and Mr. Henry Lewis; and for Harmony, Mr. J. F. Barnett, Mr. C. Trew, and Mr. S. Cole.

The Students' Concert and distribution of Medals will take place at St. George's Hall on Thursday, July 26th, too late for a report in this issue.

### ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

The students of the above College gave a very fine orchestral concert on Wednesday evening, June 26. It was opened by the orchestra (which was in "good form") playing Schumann's Symphony No. 1 in B flat, Op. 38. Mr. T. Thomas sang Mendelssohn's Cavatina, "Be thou faithful unto death," in splendid style and deserved the applause given him by a delighted audience. Wilm's Concertstück for Harp and Orchestra, Op. 122, was played with delicate taste by Miss Miriam Timothy. The next item is worth more notice than it can possibly receive here. A young musician and scholar of the College, William Hurlstone by name, composed five Dances for Orchestra, performed on this occasion. The enthusiasm created by the production of this composition must have been very gratifying to the composer. Indeed, the excitement ran so high as almost to justify the reading of the Riot Act. Suffice it to say of the composition that it is worthy of the institution where the composer was educated. Mendelssohn's *Infelice* was admirably sung by Miss Eliza Thatcher, and the concert was concluded by the Overture *Guillaume Tell*, (Rossini) played by the orchestra, which was conducted by Dr. C. V. Stanford.

In connection with the associated board of Royal Academy of Music and Royal College of Music, London and Croydon centres, the distribution of certificates to the successful candidates at the local centre examinations, 1895, took place at the Royal College on Tuesday, July 16, the certificates being distributed by the Princess Beatrice. During the proceedings the College orchestra, conducted by Dr. C. V. Stanford, performed the Overture to *Guillaume Tell* by Rossini and Mackenzie's Nautical Overture *Britannia*.

### TRINITY COLLEGE.

On Tuesday afternoon, June 25th, a paper was read by Mr. A. K. Virgil, a gentleman hailing from New York, the subject being "The Importance of Logical Foundation Methods in Teaching the Piano." The lecture was mainly a description of the Virgil Practice Clavier, which Mr. Virgil invented. The reader was assisted by Miss Julia Geyer, pianist, also of New York, who gave several selections on the clavier and piano to illustrate the reading. The following is a facsimile of the programme:—

Prelude et Fugue ... .. Bach.  
Pastorale ... .. Scarlatti Tausig.  
Rondo-Capriccioso ... .. Mendelssohn.  
Technic—Major, harmonic, and melodic minor scales; similar and contrary motion; first on the clavier, then on the piano with metronome. Rate of velocity 1,000 notes per minute.

Technic—Rhythmic scale.

Section a, one note against three; section b, three notes against two; section c, four notes against three; the same in alternating hands, first on the clavier, then on the piano, with metronome, at quarter note equals 160.

Scherzo, C sharp minor ... .. Chopin.

Also in connection with this college a conversation and students' chamber music concert was held at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, Piccadilly, on Wednesday evening, July 17. The concert opened by the orchestra, conducted by Mr. L. Szczepanowski, giving Wuerst's Russian Suite, for string orchestra, the violin obligato being taken by Miss Vera Douglas. The vocalists were Miss Bertha Acworth, Miss Janie Bridges, Miss B. G. Gooch and Mr. Ernest A. Thiel; pianists—Mr. A. W. Ketelbey and Madame B. St. Clair; violinists—Miss F. Brotherhood, Miss L. J. P. Evans, Mr. Szczepanowski and Master S. Falks; violoncello—Miss E. J. Evans; flautists, Messrs. J. Radcliff, C. T. Pitt, J. Abraham, and H. W. R. Ward; elocutionist, Miss Florence Weston; and accompanists—Mr. F. Peachey and Miss A. Biffen.

### ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

On June 27th the competition for the Silrani and Smith prize took place. Messrs. E. W. Davies, A. Frausella, and F. Griffith (chairman), were the examiners. The successful competitor was Michael Donnawell.

The competition for the Parepa-Rosa gold medal took place on July 1. Messrs. J. Bridson, R. Green, and Henry Blower (chairman) examined. The examiners awarded the prize to Bertram H. Wallis, and commended David Jones.

Last month, in reporting a Royal Academy concert, I inadvertently wrote, "suite for strings" instead of sextet. I trust no one was seriously injured by the slip.

### LONDON ORGAN SCHOOL.

The students of this school gave an excellent concert in the large Queen's Hall on Wednesday, July 3. An admirable programme was placed before the public, consisting of pieces for orchestra by Mozart, Rhenberger, Rubinstein, C. V. Stanford, and Mogskonski; organ solos by Bach, Handel, Wider, and Dubois; and violin solo by Saint-Saëns. The last was performed by Mr. Isador Schniller, who deserved special praise. Piano concertos by Weber, Hiller, Mendelssohn; and songs by Saint-Saëns, Verdi, and Weber, were also included. Nothing but praise can be given to the students taking part in the concert, everything pointing to excellent instruction.

### VICTORIA UNIVERSITY.

#### Faculty of Music.

##### First Examination.

Winifred Hadwin, Owens; W. R. Hampson, Owens; G. H. Knight, Owens.

##### Second Examination.

Lucy D. Bolton, Owens; Ethel Budge, Owens; Walter Carroll, Owens; Winifred Hadwin, Owens; Samuel Hilton, Owens; W. H. Payton, Owens.

##### Third Examination.

Division I.: T. H. Ingham, Owens. Division II.: W. J. Lancaster, Owens.

##### Exercise for the Degree.

T. H. Ingham, Owens.

### DURHAM UNIVERSITY.

A Convocation of the Durham University was held on Tuesday, June 25, at which the Rev. Dr. Pearce presided, and announced that the new charter, by which power is given to confer degrees on women in all faculties, except divinity, had been received. We may therefore expect a host of feminine Mus. Bacs.; there are more than enough male species hailing from Durham.

### LONDON COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

The new building of this institution, 47, Great Marlborough Street, W., will form one of the most handsome of its kind in London. The formal opening will take place early in September, although the July examinations of the London centre have already been held there. A full description of the building and of the opening will probably appear in these columns at a later date. We have been favoured with a private view of the premises, on which the decorators and workmen are still engaged, and reserve further particulars for the present.

### HAMPSTEAD CONSERVATOIRE OF MUSIC.

On Thursday evening, July 18th, the students of above school gave an excellent concert. It was opened by Haydn's Quartet in D, No. 8; first violin, Miss L. Toms; second violin, Miss A. L. Toms; viola, Mr. G. Earnshaw; and violoncello, Mr. H. T. Trust. Miss Griffiths sang "Come unto Me," by Cowen; Miss Round gave Purcell's "Nymphs and Shepherds"; Miss W. Dangerfield played Bach's Prelude and Fugue in F minor, and Rubinstein's Barcarolle in A minor, No. 1, with artistic feeling and musical judgment. Chopin's Rondo in C for two pianofortes was given by master and pupil, Mr. Geo. F. Gaussent and Miss Westbrook, and the first act of Scene III. of Shakespeare's "As You Like It," rendered very tastefully by (Rosalind) Miss Griffiths, (Celia) Miss Round, and (Duke Frederick) Mr. A. Harley, afforded a pleasurable relief. Then came the distribution of prizes and certificates. Mr. Joseph Bennett, who had promised to distribute the prizes, was suddenly called away to Germany, but the distribution did not suffer on that account, as the arduous labours were admirably performed by Mme. Mackensie. This concluded, the interrupted programme continued its course. Miss A. L. Toms gave a splendid rendering of the First Movement and Cadenza from Viotti's A minor Concerto. This was followed by the two best items on the programme. Miss Maud White, who has an exceedingly sweet voice and pleasant style, sang "Damon" (*Max Stange*) and "Les Perles d'Or" (*Thomé*). This most successful concert was concluded by a very vivid rendering of Lemmen's Fantasia in E minor ("The Storm") for organ, by Mr. F. W. Donne.

### BRADFORD COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

On account of the success of the Leeds College of Music, the Messrs. Haddock, the directors of that institution, decided to open a similar College at Bradford, and on June 17, 18, and 19 last, six concerts were given in the Bradford Church Institute, to celebrate its inauguration. The premises of the new College are in North Parade, and are admirably adapted for the purposes of musical tuition. Of the six opening concerts, three were given entirely by students of the Leeds College of Music, and afforded ample proof of the excellence of the teaching they had received. The remaining concerts consisted of instrumental and vocal recitals by Miss Lillie Wormald, Miss Emily Durbridge, Mr. H. Chilver Wilson, Mr. Percy Rhodes, Mr. Arthur Ayres, and Mr. Wallis Vincent.

### GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

The Worshipful Company of Musicians have recently awarded a scholarship to the Composition Students of the Guildhall School of Music, which has been won by Mr. H. W. Warner. The annual value of the scholarship is nine guineas. The same Company's Silver Medal presented triennially to the most distinguished student of the Royal Academy of Music, the Royal College of Music, and the Guildhall School of Music, and coming in rotation to the latter institution this year, has been awarded to the tenor Vocalist, Mr. Lloyd Chandos.

The Gold Medal of School with the Association (A.G.S.M.) has been won by Miss Jeanne Levine.



the Silver Medal with Associateship won by Miss Edith Walton, and the Bronze Medal with Associateship by Miss Julia Tabb. Miss Nellie Vireash was also successful in taking the Associateship.

#### List of Prize-Winners.

The Lord Mayor's Prize, a purse of £5 5s., for Soprano Vocalists. Judge, Miss Ella Russell. Prize awarded to Miss Sara Sole.

Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Samuel's prize, a purse of £5 5s., for Mezzo-Soprano Vocalists. Judge, Miss Ella Russell. Prize awarded to Miss Flora Macdonald.

Mr. Sheriff Hand's prize, a purse of £5 5s., for Contralto Vocalists. Judge, Signor Randegger. Prize awarded to Miss Edith Leslie.

The Jenkinson prize, a purse of £5, for Pianoforte students. Judge, Chevalier Emil Bach. Prize awarded to Miss Julia Tabb.

The Chairman's prize, a purse of £5 5s., for Organ students. Judge, Mr. F. A. W. Docker. Prize awarded to Mr. F. G. Goodenough.

The Alexander prize, a book of poems, for Elocution students. Judge, Mr. Acton Bond. Prize awarded to Miss Rebbie Isaacs.

The Robinson prize (No. 1), a purse of £3 3s., for Tenor Vocalists. Judge, Mr. Ben Davies. Prize awarded to Mr. Frank Ascough.

The Robinson prize (No. 2), a purse of £2 2s., for the best accompanist. Judge, Mr. David Beardwell. Prize awarded to Mrs. Kate Ward.

The Moore prize (No. 1), a purse of £3 3s., for bass vocalists. Judge, Mr. David Bispham. Prize awarded to Mr. John Porter.

The Moore prize (No. 2), a purse of £2 2s., for Sight Singing students. Judge, Mr. F. A. W. Docker. Prize awarded to Mr. J. McGregor.

The Tubbs prize, a gold mounted violin bow (value £10), for violin students. Judge, M. Achille Rivarde. Prize awarded to Miss Nellie Ridding.

## Musical Life in Berlin.

**B**ERLIN musical life is at a very low ebb at present; there are no concerts to be heard except in the large beer gardens and places of that description. Some of these, however, are worth listening to; at "Flora" Charlottenburg (a suburb of Berlin) operas have been given nightly for the last month. *Daughter of the Regiment* is one of those which I have seen.

To any but a German it is a strange idea, that of enjoying an intellectual treat and feeding the "animal" at the same time. The Germans love both beer and music, and if the two were separated it is hard to say which would win; perhaps it is better that they are allowed to enjoy both at once, and sip beer when listening to the playing of compositions embodying the choicest thoughts and feelings of the great composers. Nevertheless it is peculiar (to the Germans).

Every now and then I read of some musical treat that is being prepared for next season. We are to have Nikisch and Weingartner as directors for the Von Bülow concerts, and the dates have already been announced. Brahms has signified his intention of assisting at one of them, also Sarasate, Burmeister, Paderewski and others are promised for the delectation of our musical appetites, which, judging from my own, will be rather keenly whetted after four months of semi-starvation.

Consogni of La Scala has leased the "Unter den Linden Theatre" for a month, beginning September 14, and we are promised Italian opera; very likely Mascagni's *Silvana* will be used to open with.

Last evening (July 13) the last Vortrags Abend was held at the Saal of the Hochschule für Musik. The programme consisted of the Beethoven violin concerto, two arias—one from *Freischütz*, the other from *Oberon*—the *Meistersinger* overture, and what was described on the programme as Gudrun's *Befreiung*, Dramatische Scene für Soli und Orchester by Grabert. Gudrun's *Befreiung* is the work of a young composer studying in Berlin, who was given this opportunity of having his composition brought before the public. It contains much that is beautiful and original, and was well received.

In this hot weather one of the nicest places to spend an afternoon is at the Kunst Anstaltungs Park. There one can alternately examine the pictures, drink beer, listen to military band music, and pass away a lazy afternoon. It is also a splendid place to study the peculiarities of German character, the free (?) attitude of the Militia Kapellmeister, the Oberkellner Lieutenants, and others. There are some very fine paintings from the "Société Nationale" of Beaux Arts, Paris, also the portraits are exceptionally good. I believe that Sir Frederick Leighton and Walter Brane, of London, received honours at the Münchener Kunst Anstellung.

## Leipzig Better.

### A STORY.

**A** CERTAIN professor of the violin, famous in Germany as a fine teacher, holds a position in a teaching institution where he cannot, of course, always choose his pupils. While kind and encouraging enough to the industrious and talented, he is unusually severe on the "duffers." With one of the latter thoroughly disgusted, he is said to have fallen (in the presence of the pupil) on his knees, and with upraised hands to have asked God what he had done to be so afflicted. There! That is just as I felt over the last Liszt-Verein concert here. Fancy a Brahms' symphony (the first) on a third-rate orchestra!! Brahms can only be made interesting to me when every phrase is polished and clean cut as a cameo. Of course "bits" here and there sound fine, especially (as is not unfrequently the case) when they recall some other composer. And then Paur, as a conductor; and, worse still, Paur as a composer and pianist, introducing a concerto of his own manufacture! I really wish his contract with America didn't permit him holidays. As to the concerto itself, I have but the vaguest recollections of the first and second movements, as I nearly fell asleep, and of the final one I only recall that it is a flagrant plagiarism of Rubinstein's D minor, and that it is orchestrated with "triangle and butter-pat effects" in imitation of Liszt's E flat. As for the singer, I fled into the corridor after her first performance, and only returned for Liszt's "Mephisto Waltzer." In truth, Mephisto when he was sick, and a "Monk would be," under Paur's hands has about as much devilry in it as a scooped-out turnip with a light in it, and as much sensuousness as can be got out of a piano organ. After hearing Paur play his concerto, I was deeply, earnestly thankful for one thing, and that was that he wasn't down for a solo. The only novelty was a bright and taking little overture to Reinecke's "Donna Diana," orchestrated with astonishing clearness, more fitted, however, for a less serious programme. Would you believe it, musical Leipzig (?) has not yet heard a performance of Tschaiakowsky's Pathetic Symphony. Talking of Tschaiakowsky, Auer came here with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra in a Tschaiakowsky programme. I was too ill to go, but was told that it was, with the exception of Paderewski's recital, the most interesting event of the season. I see Auer is to visit London shortly. I shall be interested to see what your London critic has to say about him. I am afraid he will have to add to his already extensive vocabulary of—well, of "Ahems!" With the exception of the Opera House, where the life is one "dem'd horrid grind," music here is as extinct for the time being as the Dodo.

**HERR FRIEDRICH LUX**, the composer of the operas *Der Schmied von Ruhla* and *Käthchen von Heilbronn*, and of a number of other musical pieces, died last week at Mayence, where he was connected, in the capacity of kapellmeister, with the Stadttheater since 1851. He was born at Ruhla, in Thuringia, in 1820.

## Accidentals.

**H**ERR EMIL SAUER returns to England in the autumn, and will play at the Leeds Festival and elsewhere.

Paris has begun to name her streets after musicians. Albani, Pasdeloup, and Lalo have been thus honoured.

It is said that Eugène d'Albert contemplates a recital tour in England during the winter. You see we have money as well as dogs.

Mr. Benton, organist of the Parish Church, Leeds, has been appointed the Leeds Festival Choirmaster.

Herr Rosenthal will return to England in the winter to give a long series of recitals. The provinces will be included in this visit.

Mr. Edward Dannreuther is the new President of the London Wagner Society, in place of the Earl of Dysart, resigned.

Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, the phenomenal American soprano, is in England resting. She says her voice ranges from F below the staff to F two octaves above the staff, but she admits that she can only touch, not sustain, the last three notes.

Richter has extended his offers of engagement for next year's Bayreuth Festival to several of his London orchestra.

Mr. Joseph Williams, the music publisher, succeeds to the Corney Grain business at St. George's Hall. As a composer he calls himself "Florian Pascal."

The much-talked-of Musical Festival at Dublin is to be held, not in the coming autumn, as originally proposed, but in May or June, 1896.

It is said that at Covent Garden two detectives appeared in the ballroom scene of *La Traviata*, to see that nothing happened to Patti's £70,000 worth of jewels.

Sir A. C. Mackenzie has had another testimonial at the R.A.M., this time in honour of his knighthood. The Principal's "emotions" are being overtaxed.

Marie Carvalho, the famous French singer, died on July 10, at Ruys, her country residence, near Dieppe.

The famous bell in the Cathedral of Schaffhausen, whose inscription "Vivos voco, mortuos plango, fulgura frango," first suggested to Schiller the Song of the Bell, has lost its tone with age, and will shortly be replaced by a new one.

Mottl and Levi will pay us another visit in the early winter, when they will direct some Wagner concerts at Queen's Hall.

A son of Lady Hallé has married Miss Mabel Borwick, a sister of the well-known pianist, Mr. Leonard Borwick.

Mascagni is about to write an article on musical critics as part of his Autobiography. He had much better try another opera.

The death is announced of Mr. W. S. Rockstro, well known as a writer on music. His *Life of Handel* is a standard work. Some fifty years ago he was a pupil of Mendelssohn, a life of whom he contributed to the "Great Musicians" series.

*Musical News* says "the Queen's musical knowledge is great." Ahem! And what about her musical taste?

The Goring-Thomas Scholarship for lyrical composition will be competed for at the R.A.M. on September 25.

The deaths are announced of Mr. Ridley Prentice, an esteemed teacher at the Guildhall School of Music and elsewhere and a musician of some literary attainment, and of Mr. W. Hodge, assistant organist at St. Paul's Cathedral and organist to the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall.

The newly founded Goring Thomas Scholarship for lyrical composition at the Royal Academy of Music will be competed for on 25th September next, and will be awarded to the composer of the best operatic or dramatic musical work for the stage. The successful candidate will be entitled to three years' education at the Royal Academy of Music, and to a fourth if he or she evinces exceptional talent or promise.



## The Organ World.

**M**ESSRS. WALKER have recently completed a fine instrument for St. Matthew's, Northampton, the specification of which I give below. The rapidity of attack and repetition shows the excellent quality of the tubular work. Whether the manuals are used singly or together, the touch is uniform throughout. Electro-pneumatic action is affixed to the draw stop action and the combination piston work.

GREAT.		Ft.	
1 Double open Diapason	16	8 Twelfth	2½
2 Open Diapason	8	9 Fifteenth	2
3 Open Diapason	8	10 Mixture	3 ranks
4 Open Diapason	8	11 Double Trumpet	16
5 Wald Flute	8	12 Trumpet	8
6 Principal	4	13 Clarion	4
7 Wald Flute	4		
SWELL.		Ft.	
14 Contra Gamba, closed		21 Flute	4
Bass	16	22 Fifteenth	2
15 Open Diapason	8	23 Mixture	3 ranks
16 Violin Diapason	8	24 Contra Fagotto	16
17 Stopped Diapason	8	25 Horn	8
18 Echo Gamba	8	26 Oboe	8
19 Vox Angelica to Tenor	8	27 Vox Humana	8
C	8	28 Clarion	4
20 Principal	4		
CHOIR.		Ft.	
29 Lieblich Bourdon	16	33 Dulciana Principal	4
30 Gamba	8	34 Lieblich Flute	4
31 Dulciana	8	35 Harmonic Gemshorn	2
32 Lieblich Gedacht	8		
SOLO.		Ft.	
36 Harmonic Flute	8	39 Orchestral Oboe	8
37 Harmonic Flute	4	40 Clarionet	8
38 Harmonic Piccolo	2	41 Tuba	8
PEDAL.		Ft.	
42 Double Open Diapason	32	45 Bourdon	16
43 Open Diapason	16	46 Principal	8
44 Violone	16	47 Flute	8
		48 Trombone	16

### COUPLERS, &c.

Great to Pedal.	Swell Octave.
Swell to Pedal.	Swell Sub-Octave.
Choir to Pedal.	Solo to Great.
Solo to Pedal.	Choir to Great.
Swell to Great.	Pedal to Great, Piston.
Swell to Choir.	

Compass of Manuals, CC to C, 61 notes.

Compass of Pedals, CCC to F, 30 notes.

Four Combination Pistons to Great Organ.

Four Combination Pistons to Swell Organ.

Four Combination Pistons to Solo Organ.

Four Composition Pedals to Pedal Organ.

Four Composition Pedals to Swell Organ.

Tubular Pneumatic Action to Manuals and Pedals.

Mr. Haydn Fisher and Mr. Alfred Hollins each gave recitals at the opening of the new organ at Pontefract Parish Church. Mr. J. J. Binns, of Leeds, is the builder, and the action is his patent tubular pneumatic throughout.

GREAT.		CHOIR.	
Bourdon	16	Salicional	8
1 Open Diapason	8	Dolce	8
2 Open Diapason	8	Lieblich Gedacht	8
3 Open Diapason	8	Lieblich Flute	4
4 Gamba	8	Piccolo	2
5 Harmonic Flute	4	Clarionet	8
SWELL.		PEDAL.	
Octave	4	Open Diapason	16
Twelfth	2½	Violone	16
Fifteenth	2	Bourdon	16
Mixture	3 ranks	Quint	10½
Trumpet	8	Principal	8
		Violoncello	8
		Bass Flute	8
ACCESSORIES.		COUPLERS.	
Four Combination Pedals to Great Organ, acting symmetrically upon Pedal Organ.		Swell to Great.	
Three Combination Pedals to Swell Organ.		Swell to Choir.	
Balanced Crescendo Pedal to Swell Organ.		Choir to Great.	
		Great to Pedals.	
		Swell to Pedals.	
		Choir to Pedals.	
		Swell Octave.	
		Swell to Great.	
		Octave.	
		Swell Tremulant.	

Four Combination Pedals to Great Organ, acting symmetrically upon Pedal Organ.  
Three Combination Pedals to Swell Organ.  
Balanced Crescendo Pedal to Swell Organ.

**The Pilgrims' Progress.** A party of American organists recently left their shores with the intention of visiting the chief English and Continental cathedrals and having a right-down good musical time of it. The I.S.M., Mus. Assoc., and Trin. Coll. (Limited), each did their share in entertaining their "free-born" cousins, who departed for the Continent on July 19, apparently in a state of high satisfaction at all they had seen and heard. A glance at the subjoined account of their movements will show that the grass didn't grow much under their feet:—

July 6. Salisbury.	
7. Oxford.	
8. Worcester.	
9. Chester.	
10. Liverpool and Manchester.	
11. York and Lincoln.	
12. Peterborough and Cambridge.	
13. London: St. Paul's Cathedral in the morning and Windsor in the afternoon, as the guests of the London section of the I.S.M.	
14. " All Saints' Church, Margaret Street; the Temple Church; Union Chapel.	
15. " Westminster Abbey.	
16. " Royal Albert Hall Organ; Reception, Musical Association.	
17. " Reception, Trinity College, London.	
18. " Various Organs and Musical Institutions.	

**Mr. W. Hodge.** Organists will hear with regret of the death of the brilliant sub-organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, at the early age of thirty-three. Sir John Stainer, on his retirement from St. Paul's, secured the appointment of assistant organist for his favourite pupil, which he held up to the time of his death; and no one who ever listened to Mr. Hodge's refined performances could doubt that the choice of the authorities was amply justified. Mr. Hodge had also held the posts of organist of Marylebone Church, Precentor of St. Anne's, Soho, and organist to the Royal Choral Society. A large circle of friends will miss a kindly gentleman, and the musical world a quiet unobtrusive artist.

**Organists at dinner.** My account of the annual dinner of the Guild of Organists was unfortunately crowded out last month. The proceedings are by this time a matter of ancient history, but as a number of my readers are naturally interested in this flourishing society and may not have seen accounts of the said proceedings elsewhere, I may as well say (at the risk of posing as a retailer of chestnuts—wholesome diet doubtless, but cloying) that somewhere in the dim and dateless past (June 17, I believe) the Guild held high carnival at the Holborn Restaurant. The Rev. W. B. Trevelyan occupied the chair and enlivened the after-dinner oratory with an appropriate little joke, which pleased both himself and his listeners much. In responding to the toast of "The Warden of the Guild," Mr. J. T. Field said that organists were a remarkable set of men, in that they always wanted to do more than they were paid for. Mr. F. B. Townend, Hon. Secretary, also replied to the toast, and stated that seventy members had joined in the last year, and the Bishop of Exeter had joined his name to that of their other patron, the Bishop of London; so that they were attaining that recognition by the heads of the Church which they believed so desirable. No other similar association belonged definitely to the Church; and if a man passed their examination he was entitled to call himself without question a fully qualified church organist. Mr. W. H. Stocks, treasurer, also responded and announced a satisfactory balance.

**Bother at Bodmin.** Mr. C. E. Juleff, late organist of Bodmin Parish Church, has lately "scored one." He had served as organist with two vicars of Bodmin, and his relations with them were of the most amicable nature. A third vicar has, however, appeared upon the scene, and the first fruit of the ministrations of this latest of God's messengers was a choir strike, followed later by the resignation of Mr. Juleff, the organist. The latter gentleman, however, was immediately appointed private organist to Lord Robartes, which enables him to remain in the district and retain his private teaching. As the organist of Bodmin church has to look to his teaching connection for the greater part of his income, it is unlikely that any really good man will care to take the post now that the said private teaching remains with Mr. Juleff. A number of parishioners who value good services, have waxed wroth with their spiritual pastor and master, whose bellicose tendencies have deprived them of the only capable organist they are likely to have for some time.

**Sic!** Wasn't it Oliver Wendell Holmes who told us that the one thing a man could never live down was the perpetration of a false quantity? If that be the case, what about a false concord? I ask this in view of a recent issue of our esteemed contemporary *The Organist and Choir-master*. This estimable paper has broken out in a fresh place, and presented us with a complete setting of the canticles to single chants, pointed according to the use of the Temple psalter. The collection is a really useful one, so why, oh my good Doctor Hopkins, court the laughter of the ungodly by talking about "*Cantate Domine*"? Oh "Venerable, Grave, and Gay," a little Latin is indeed a dangerous thing.

**More mutual admiration.** If we do not appreciate the Curwenites, and believe them to be the greatest musical benefactors an ungrateful world has seen, it is not their fault. Beethoven, Wagner, and such-like small fry must hide their diminished heads before the lustre of that great genius who gave us the Tonic Sol-fa, and founded a publishing house to flood us with the very cheapest and nastiest Yankee vulgarity the musical (?) world has produced. In view of these blessings, a grateful country is now asked to contribute liberally to buy an organ for Curwen's old chapel. Now, all ye lovers of art and admirers of Root, Bradbury Turner, Tinney and Co., down with your dollars, and perpetuate the memory of the great man who brought within your reach the masterpieces of these Transatlantic warblers.

**Organists at dinner.** A certain reverend Father in God had one stock question which he never failed to put to candidates for priests' orders—"What is the chief difficulty you have met with during the past year?" and history relates that one aspirant to the priesthood, with the courage of his convictions, answered, "My vicar." The Rev. W. B. Trevelyan, who presided at the annual dinner of the Guild of Organists on June 17, told this story from the chair, and said the answer might often be given to a similar question by the poor organist, for the difficulties of an organist's position were not, he thought, sufficiently appreciated, and human nature ensured that friction would sometimes arise. He wished the Guild every success; for their characteristic was that they worked on Church principles, and that, in his opinion, was what we wanted nowadays. He thought such an association must carry weight, and indeed its influence was proved by the 1,200 members it had gathered in nine years out of so small a body. Other speakers included the energetic Secretary, Mr. Townend, who stated that seventy new members had been enrolled during the year, and the Treasurer, Mr. Stocks, who reported a satisfactory balance.

JUBAL (JUNIOR).

Through the good offices of Dr. Richter, Miss Macintyre has been engaged to take the part of Sieglinde in the revival of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* at Bayreuth next year.



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MORITZ ROSENTHAL.



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11. "Child falling asleep" . . . . . Schumann  
(Violin and Piano)
12. "Happy enough" . . . . . Schumann

With Letterpress and Portrait Part  
**SIXPENCE NETT.**



# I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH.

Larghetto. M. 72.

VOICE.

ACC!

*mf*

*tr*

I know that my Re - deem - er liv-eth, and that

*p* *mf* *p*

he shall stand at the lat - ter day up - on the earth;

*tr* *mf*





First system of a musical score in G major (one sharp). The vocal line begins with a whole rest followed by the lyrics "I know that my Re-deem - er liv-eth, and that he shall". The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

Second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "stand at the lat - - ter day up-on the earth, up-on the". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

Third system of the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics "earth; I know that my Re-deem - er liv - eth, and that he shall stand at the". The piano accompaniment features a consistent eighth-note accompaniment.

Fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics "lat - - ter day up-on the earth, up-on the earth." The piano accompaniment includes a trill (tr) and a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic marking in the right hand.

Fifth system of the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics "and tho'". The piano accompaniment features triplet markings (3) in the right hand.



worms de-stroy this bo-dy, Yet in my flesh shall I see God, yet

in my flesh shall I see God. I know that my Re-

deem-er liveth, and tho' worms de- stroy this bo - dy, yet in my flesh shall

I see God, yet in my flesh shall I see God, shall I see

God, I know that my Re - deem-er liv-eth. For now is Christ ris-en



from the dead, the first fruits of them that

sleep, of them that sleep, the first fruits of them that

sleep. For now is Christ risen, for now is Christ ris-en from the

Adagio.  
dead, the first fruits of them that sleep.



# FORTUNE.

R. Schumann, Op. 79. No. 25.

*Presto assai.*

Soprano. *p* Bird on the tree, Sing-ing in glee,  
 Mezzo Soprano. *p* Hi-ther-ward hie - ing, Off a-gain fly - ing.  
 PIANO. *p*

Now it is near, Now it is here, Seize it now, pray!  
 Now it is hid - ing, Kind and con - fi - ding.  
 PIANO.

Mocking and gay, Off it is fly - ing. Now it is nigh; Catch, if you're  
 Vain is your try - ing; Off it is fly - ing. Now it is nigh;  
 PIANO. *p*

clev - er! Ah! now you sigh, Vain the en - dea - vour. Ne-ver de - spair! Bet-ter not mind it,  
 Catch, if you're clev - er! Ah! now you sigh, Vain the en - dea - vour. Ne-ver de - spair! Bet-ter not  
 PIANO.



25.

Cast a-way care! Wait till you find it! Bet-ter to wait. Plea-sures sur-round you. Ear-ly or  
 mind it; Cast a-way care! Bet-ter to wait, to wait. Plea-sures sur-round you. Ear-ly or

*cresc.*

*cresc.*

*cresc.*

late, It will have found you. Though but a flow'r Then that it flings you, Wel-come the hour,  
 late, It will have found you. Though but a flow'r Then that it flings you, Wel-come the

*cresc.*

*cresc.*

*cresc.*

Take what it brings, what it brings you! Wel-come the hour, Take what it brings you! Wel-come the  
 hour, Take what it brings you, Take what it brings, what it brings you! Wel-come the

*f* *f* *p* *cresc.*

*f* *f* *p* *cresc.*

*f* *p* *cresc.*

hour, Take what it brings, what it brings you.  
 hour, Take what it brings, what it brings you.

*f* *f* *f* *f*

*f* *f* *f* *f*

*f* *f* *f* *f*



# WHEN THOU SINGEST.

Moderato.



1. When thou sing - - est, en - cra - dled at eve - - in my arms  
 2. When thou laugh - - est on thy sweet mouth love smiles in ec - sta - sy

The first system of the song, featuring a vocal line with two verses and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of two staves with chords and moving lines.

Know - est thou - - the thought that re - sponds - - to the  
 And quick - ly - - dark mis - trust e - van - ish - es a -

The second system of the song, continuing the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a more active melody in the right hand.

charms,  
 way, Of thy sweet voice re - call - - ing bright  
 Ah! thy laugh proves a heart that hath nought

The third system of the song, continuing the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a more active melody in the right hand.

days now no more?  
 to de - plore Ah! Sing  
 Ah! Laugh

The fourth system of the song, concluding the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a more active melody in the right hand.



on, sing on, my fair - est, Still sing for e - ver more! — Sing  
on, laugh on, my fair - est, Laugh on laugh e - ver more! — Laugh

on, — sing e - ver, dear-est, sing e - ver more; Sing on, my —  
on, — laugh e - ver, dear-est, laugh e - ver more; Laugh on, my —

fair-est, yes, — sing — e - ver more. —  
fair-est, yes, — laugh — e - ver more. —

3. When thou sleep - est so calm-ly, In the shade of my eyes, —

Thy breath seems — to — mur-mur Love's own sweet har - mo -



nies Thy loved form in sleep re-veals e'en more grace

than be-fore. Ah! Sleep then, sleep on— my

*cresc.* *p*

fair - est, Sleep, sleep for e - ver more, Yes, Sleep, sleep on my

dear-est, sleep e - ver more, Sleep on, my fair-est, Sleep e - ver

*dim.* *p* *dim.* *p*

e - ver more.



# OF DISTANT LANDS.

Words by  
J. G. DROYSSEN.

FERNE.

Music by  
F. MENDELSSOHN.

Vivace con espressione.

dolce

SONG.  
(GESANG.)

PIANO.

1. Of distant lands I'm e - ver dreaming, where thou dost roam, where from the snow - y heights are  
1. In wei - te Fer - ne will ich träu - men - da wo du weilst. Wo aus den schnee - ig hel - len

gush - ing the foaming tor - rents, downwards rush - ing, where thou dost roam, where thou dost roam.  
Räu - men die Bä - che in die See - en schäumen, da, wo du weilst, da, wo du weilst!

2. With thee I climb the path - less moun - tain, where thou dost roam. Watch on the gla - ciers ea - gles  
2. Will mit dir durch die Ber - ge strei - fen, da, wo du weilst, wo auf dem Eis - feld Gem - sen

fly - ing, And smi - ling vales be - low us ly - ing, where thou dost roam, where thou dost roam.  
schweifen, im war - men Tha - le Fei - gen rei - fen, da, wo du weilst, da, wo du weilst!

3. My se - cret thought will roam yet fur - ther, thy com - ing home, I'll not re - pine that we're di -  
3. Und heimlich will ich wei - ter den - ken, wenn du heim - kehrst, es mag die Zeit mich nicht be -

vi - ded, our hope the same, for time has tried it! When thou art home! when thou art home!  
träi - ben, wir sind die - sel - ben noch ge - blie - ben, wenn du heim - kehrst! wenn du heim - kehrst!



# LIEDER OHNE WORTE.

Nº 30.

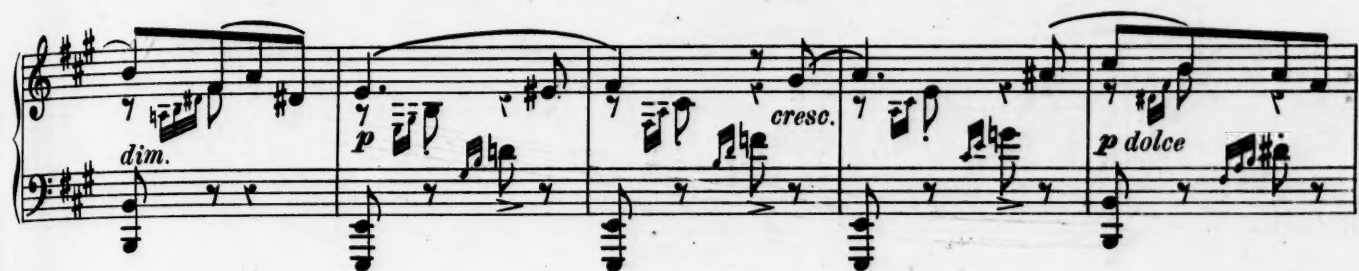
*Allegretto grazioso.*

F. MENDELSSOHN.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of six systems of music. Each system contains a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is G major (two sharps) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto grazioso'. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The dynamics are: *p* (piano) at the beginning of the first system, *sf* (fortissimo) in the third system, *mf* (mezzo-forte) in the fourth system, and *dim.* (decrescendo) in the fifth and sixth systems. There are also *cresc.* (crescendo) markings in the fourth and fifth systems. The piece concludes with a final chord in the sixth system.











# SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE.

OLD ENGLISH.

Three systems of musical notation for the piece 'SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE.' Each system consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a style characteristic of the 16th or 17th century, featuring a mix of single notes, dyads, and triads. The first system has 8 measures, the second has 8 measures, and the third has 8 measures, ending with a double bar line.

## VALESE ALLEMANDE.

Molto vivace.

R. SCHUMANN.

Three systems of musical notation for the piece 'VALESE ALLEMANDE.' Each system consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The first system is marked 'pp' (pianissimo) and has 8 measures. The second system has 8 measures, with dynamics 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano) indicated. It ends with a 'ritard.' (ritardando) marking. The third system is marked 'a tempo' and 'pp' (pianissimo), with a 'ff' (fortissimo) marking in the middle. It has 8 measures and ends with a double bar line.



# FROM HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

## Nº 1. CRADLE SONG.

FRANZ LEIDERITZ, Op.15

Moderato. ♩ = 116.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of five systems. The key signature has two flats (B-flat major), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' with a quarter note equal to 116 beats per minute. The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass staves, notes, rests, and dynamic markings (p, pp). Fingerings and articulations are indicated by numbers and symbols like '+' and '1+'. The piece concludes with a 'poco riten.' marking and a final chord.



3 4 3 2 4 3 1

*p* *poco a poco cresc.* *dim.*

*poco a poco ritard.* *in tempo* *pp*

*pp*

*pp* *riten.*

*Tempo I.* *pp* *morendo* *p*

*p*



*poco riten.*

*in tempo*

*sempre poco cresc.*

*dimin.* *riten.* *in tempo*

*smorz.*



# A MOMENTOUS EVENT.

Wichtige Begebenheit.

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 15. No. 6.  
(Scenes of Childhood. — Kinderscenen.)

VIOLIN.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for Violin and Piano. The key signature is two sharps (D major) and the time signature is 2/4. The score is divided into several systems. The piano part features a prominent, rhythmic accompaniment with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The violin part has a more melodic line, often moving in parallel motion with the piano's upper voice. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte), *sf* (sforzando), and *dtm.* (diminuendo). The piece concludes with a final chord in the piano part.



# REVER Y.

## Träumerei.

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 15. No. 7.  
(Scenes of Childhood. — Kinderscenen)

VIOLIN. *p con sordino*

PIANO. *con sordino p*

*ritard.* *a tempo*

*ritard.* *a tempo*

*ritard.* *a tempo*

*ritard.* *a tempo*



The image displays a musical score for the song "The Rose Tree." The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into three systems. The first system shows the beginning of the piece. The second system includes the tempo marking "a tempo" and the instruction "ritard." (ritardando). The third system also includes the instruction "ritard." and ends with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment features various chords, arpeggios, and melodic lines that support the vocal melody.

## AT THE FIRE-SIDE.

Am Kamin.

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 15. No. 8.  
(Scenes of Childhood.— Kinderszenen.)

Musical score for Violin and Piano, measures 1-8. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 2/4. The Violin part (top staff) begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic and features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a trill in measure 4. The Piano part (bottom staff) begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic and features a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both the right and left hands.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line at the top and two piano accompaniment staves below. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'The Rose Tree' and continues with 'The Rose Tree'. The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with various musical notations including notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *mf*.



First system of musical notation. The upper staff features a melodic line with a *ritard.* marking followed by a *a tempo* section. The lower staff provides harmonic accompaniment, also marked with *ritard.* and *a tempo*. Dynamics include *p* (piano).

Second system of musical notation. The upper staff continues the melodic line with *ritard.* and *a tempo* markings. The lower staff features a more active accompaniment with *ritard.* and *a tempo* markings. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *p* (piano).

Third system of musical notation. The upper staff shows a melodic line with *ritard.* and *a tempo* markings. The lower staff has a steady accompaniment with *ritard.* and *a tempo* markings. Dynamics include *p* (piano).

Fourth system of musical notation. The upper staff continues the melodic line with *ritard.* and *a tempo* markings. The lower staff features a more active accompaniment with *ritard.* and *a tempo* markings. Dynamics include *p* (piano).

Fifth system of musical notation. The upper staff shows a melodic line with a *ritard.* marking. The lower staff features a more active accompaniment with a *ritard.* marking. Dynamics include *p* (piano).



# CHILD FALLING ASLEEP.

Kind im Einschlummern.

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 15. No. 12.  
(Scenes of Childhood. — Kinderscene.)

VIOLIN.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for Violin and Piano. It begins in the key of D major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The Violin part plays a simple, descending melody. The Piano part provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The score is divided into five systems. The third system changes the key signature to D major (three sharps). Dynamics include *p* (piano), *pp* (pianissimo), and *ppp* (pianississimo). The piece concludes with a *ritard.* (ritardando) marking.



